

The Daily Mirror

THE MORNING JOURNAL WITH THE SECOND LARGEST SALE.

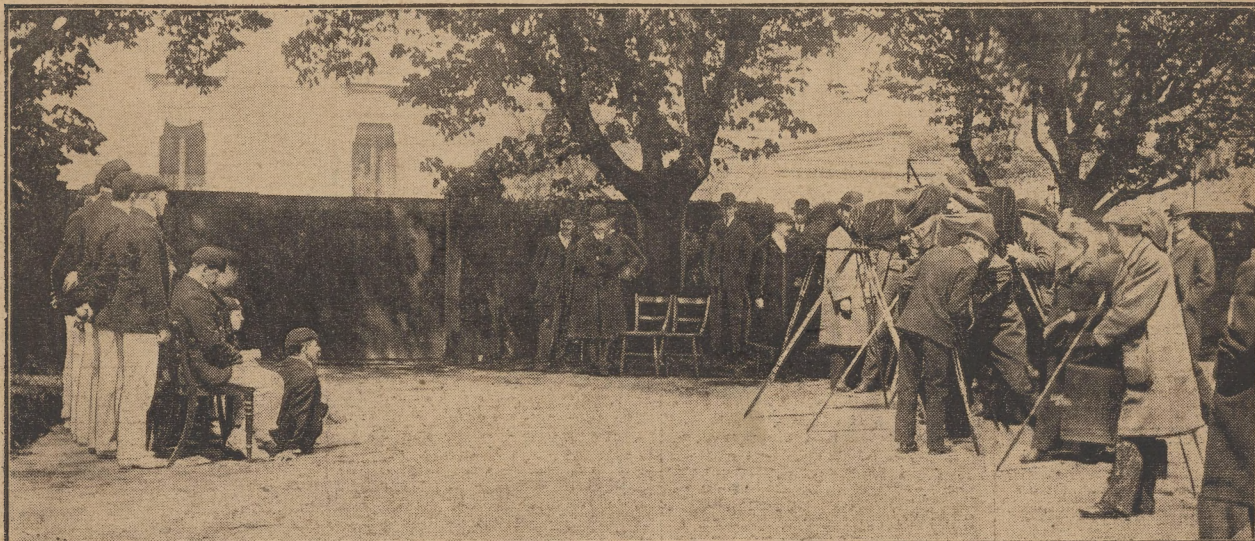
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WEDNESDAY, MAY 3, 1905.

One Halfpenny.

TWENTY-FOUR CAMERAS FOCUSSED UPON THE AUSTRALIAN CRICKETERS.



An amusing scene witnessed at Lord's Cricket Ground when the Australian cricketers first posed together for the photographers, twenty-four of whom focussed their cameras upon the group. One of the photographs taken is reproduced on page 8.

MAY QUEEN WATCHING REVELS FROM HER THRONE.



May Day revels were observed at Knutsford, Cheshire. Here Miss Elsie Cockram, the May Queen, surrounded by her maids-of-honour, is watching the dances.

YACHT WRECKED ON SOUTHSEA BEACH.



This interesting sight was seen on Southsea beach during the recent gale. The yacht was driven ashore, and the tug came to grief alongside her.

BARRING OUT THE ALIEN.

Government Bill Meets with
a Favourable Reception.

SIR H. 'C.B.' RUNS AWAY

Mr. Asquith Will Not Vote Against
the Bill.

With bronzed faces and reinvigorated bodies, members trooped back to Westminster yesterday, and the House of Commons buzzed with lively chatter as Mr. J. W. Lowther, the Deputy-Speaker, slipped into the chair. Mr. Gully is unfortunately still on the sick list.

The Prime Minister and Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman were both in early attendance, and both looked remarkably well, although the Premier's hair has grown perceptibly whiter and thinner since the session began.

Serious business began with the Aliens Bill, of which the Home Secretary moved the second reading.

Then "C.B." slipped off quietly, thus momentarily escaping from the quandary in which East End Liberals have placed him by soliciting his support on behalf of the Bill.

To Sir Charles Dilke had been relegated the formal duty of moving the rejection of the measure, but it was clear that there was a feeling of half-heartedness among his supporters on the Opposition side.

This attitude was emphasised about half-past five, when Mr. Asquith hurried into the House and made a brief but striking speech.

"Speaking only for myself," he said, "I shall not oppose the second reading."

"OBJECTIONABLE FEATURES."

The most objectionable features in the present Bill were, according to Mr. Asquith, the following:

1. The proposed rejection of immigrants on the ground of poverty.
2. The provision that an immigrant must show that he is "immediately" going to another country.
3. The want of adequate provision to safeguard the right of asylum to political and religious refugees.

Mr. Asquith's announcement is taken to indicate that the Opposition are not prepared to lose political capital, as it is feared they would do, by opposing the Bill, and it is apparent that the pressure brought by East End members upon the official leaders not to oppose the Bill has been successful.

The Home Secretary, in an exhaustive answering speech, commented upon the objections raised to the Bill, which he contended, however, provided the best way for dealing with overcrowding and sweating in the East End.

To the surprise of the House, Mr. Chamberlain rose just before dinner, and in his characteristic way made one of his points.

"This Bill," he said, "is a very small thing compared with another Bill which I hope to see introduced before long, which will prevent the goods that these people make at home coming into this country."

DIARY OF AN M.P.

Mr. Balfour Has No Present Idea of Appealing
to the Country.

HOUSE OF COMMONS LIBRARY, Tuesday Night.—Members who have returned from the country are trying to discover from Mr. Balfour's business-like sketch of forthcoming work how far he intends to go before a dissolution.

I believe the Mr. Balfour has himself not yet come to any conclusion on the subject, but that he will proceed with his legislative programme in the ordinary way, as if the idea of a general election had never entered his head.

Among Unionists there is a strong disposition to encourage the Government to persevere in the belief that the longer they remain in office, the better will be the chance of smoothing over their present difficulties.

Many Unionist members who have addressed their constituents during the Easter recess are unanimous in saying that there is a singular lack of interest in the fiscal controversy.

Mr. Ernest Croft has deferred until Thursday night his motion calling attention to the Education crisis in East Ham.

To-morrow, the morning sitting will be occupied with the Budget resolutions, while in the evening Mr. Corbett will move a resolution calling for the inspection of faun-dies in Catholic convents throughout the country.

He is vainly hoping to secure the support of the Home Secretary to his proposal.

£80,000 LOSSES.

Small Investors Suffer Through
Stock-Dealers' Collapse.

8,000 AFFECTED.

The London Official Receiver was in long conference yesterday with the secretary of the concern well-known as the London and New York Exchange.

The conference, which took place in the well-appointed offices of the "Exchange," in Buckingham-gate, was of considerable duration.

Most of the business carried on by the three principals, who are not unknown in financial circles, under the attractive title named, was with country clients, who, it is feared, will find that they are considerably the poorer for the faith they reposed in the affair.

The present outlook will afford them but poor comfort. The company is in the hands of a receiver, and it is alleged that about £80,000 has been lost by the concern.

8,000 PEOPLE AFFECTED.

It is expected that this great loss will seriously affect the savings of 8,000 speculators—many of them ill able to afford to lose their hard-earned little fortunes—but there is one gleam of comfort in the fact that there still remains the sum of £20,000 in the Middlesex Bank, Leadenhall-street, City.

Regarding this amount, Mr. Justice Bigham made an order yesterday for part of the money to be paid into court.

It is stated that two of the financiers connected with the concern have left London, and are now probably on the Continent.

For some years past the London and New York Exchange has carried on its business of inducing clients to purchase shares at Dacre House, Victoria-street, Westminster, as well as at 71, Buckingham-gate.

It claimed to be "a genuine stock and share business," and explained in a circular that it opened its stocks "on a half per cent. margin so that whichever way the fluctuations vary more than a half per cent. profit accrues."

Many country people were attracted by this apparently easy way of transacting business in stocks and shares, and the rural mails were very heavy at the offices of the "Exchange." The firm apparently did not trouble much about London business.

ROYAL VISITORS.

King Edward in Paris and Queen Alexandra
at Athens.

PARIS, Tuesday.—King Edward this morning visited Baron Staal, formerly Russian Ambassador in London.

After inspecting the alterations which have been made at the British Embassy, his Majesty went to take lunch with the Marquis Jancourt.

Innumerable numbers of callers have inscribed their names in the visitors' book at the Hotel Bristol. Among them are the presidents of the Senate and the Chamber, the Premier and the other members of the Cabinet, the members of the President's civil and military establishments, the high officials, and all the notable figures of Parisian society.—Reuter.

Innumerable crowds assembled to welcome Queen Alexandra at Athens yesterday, says Reuter. The King and Royal Family went out to meet the Victoria and Albert at sea. Streets and houses were decorated, and all the warships at the Piræus were decked with bunting. Last night Athens was illuminated, and a banquet of 150 covers will be given at the Palace to-day.

PRINCE'S SUICIDE.

Laps from a Boat Tied by the Neck to a
a Block of Stone.

(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.)

NICE, Tuesday.—Confirmation has been received of the reported suicide by drowning of Prince Carlo, Duke of Salaparuta, near Nice.

It is stated that the Prince went out in a boat, taking with him a large block of stone and some rope.

He must then have tied the stone to his neck and jumped overboard.

Gambling losses are known to have worried him, but the contents of his farewell letter to his wife, an Italian lady of noble birth, are not known.

The widow is almost out of her mind with grief. She has three children.

MR. REUBEN SASSOON'S WILL.

Mr. Reuben David Sassoon, of Pall Mall, has died worth £29,037.

Estate of the gross value of £15,782 was left by Mr. William Adams, of Wolsanton, a member of the famous family of Staffordshire and Shropshire potters, and a descendant of the maker of the classic Jasper ware.

WARSAW BLOODSHED.

Women and Children Beaten to
Death with Clubs.

GRAVE OUTLOOK.

After the wanton brutality of the soldiery in firing upon defenceless men, women, and children in the streets of Warsaw on May Day, it is not surprising to learn from the latest messages that the situation is ominous in the Polish capital.

The exact May Day toll of dead is not yet known. Among the revolting details of the massacre it is stated that the military freely used the butts of their rifles, bayonets, and swords.

Women and children had their heads and limbs broken, and ten of those admitted to hospital have since died.

Thirty bodies await identification, as if the frightened relatives dreaded the danger of claiming their dead.

FIGHT IN A CHURCH.

KALISZ (Poland), Tuesday.—During a church service here yesterday the congregation began to sing patriotic songs, and gendarmes and police entered the building and attacked the people, wounding many. A fight ensued.

The police had their weapons wrested from them; stones were thrown, and shots were fired. A dragon and a woman were killed. A squadron of cavalry was sent for, and the people were dispersed.—Reuter.

PANIC IN BAKU CATHEDRAL.

BAKU, Tuesday.—A panic occurred in the cathedral here yesterday during a service at which the Governor-General and Senator Kaminski were present. Someone shouted suddenly "Down with the autocracy!" and at the same time a quantity of seditious proclamations were thrown among the congregation.—Reuter.

WARSAW A SHAMBLES.

WARSAW, Tuesday.—The city is apparently quiet to-day, but the situation is grave. It is held that workmen are going from factory to factory compelling the men employed there to strike.

During an attack by a crowd on a Government liquor shop in the suburbs of Praga, last night, the troops fired two volleys into the mob, killing two persons.

After the bomb explosion at Lodz, last night, the patrol fired a volley at the house in which the bomb-thrower had taken refuge and killed three residents.—Reuter.

GOOD NEWS FOR BOYS.

Jules Verne Leaves Behind a Batch of Un-
published Romances.

Nantes being the native place of the late Jules Verne, the municipality has decided to affix a commemorative tablet on the house in which he lived, and to give his name to a public square, and to open a subscription for a monument.

All who have revelled in the Jules Verne romances will be glad to hear that he left behind him several unpublished works. These are:—

- Sixteen plays (nine in verse).
- Three novels.
- A romance without a title.
- Two historical notices.
- "Travels in England and Scotland."
- "Paris in the Nineteenth Century."
- Two short stories.
- Six romances in one volume, and two in two volumes.

The "voyage" is Jules Verne's last work. It was discovered by his son in a table drawer, and is unfinished. Written in pencil only, the first pages have been gone over in ink. When he had written a certain number of pages in pencil the novelist read them over, and inked over his pencil work by word and letter by letter.

MIDNIGHT TELEGRAMS.

Teamsters on strike in Chicago also threaten to carry rifles if the employers arm 100 non-union men as announced.

Mrs. E. B. Coles, of Staneton Court, Gloucestershire, has divorced her husband, a connection of the Earl of Enviskilled, in the American courts, says Laffan.

So many fires are caused in London by electricity that in future india-rubber gloves are to be carried with the escapes and engines to save firemen from shocks.

Blackburn Philanthropic Burial Society, which has over 250,000 members and a fund of £350,000, is about to absorb the Philanthropic Mutual Assurance Society, thus adding 21,500 members to its books.

Continental newspapers state that, à propos of the Tsar's liberty-of-conscience ukase, the Pope has telegraphed to the Tsar expressing the hope that religious peace will bring about political peace.—Central News.

CRICKET NEWS BY PHOTOGRAPHS.

"Daily Mirror's" Plans for Report-
ing the Great Matches.

FINE STAFF OF EXPERTS.

The cricket season which will open in earnest to-morrow with the game between the Australian team and the Gentlemen of England, promises to be unusually full of interest not only to those who play, but exceptionally so to those who look on.

The friendly rivalry between the Mother-country and her lusty colonists for the "ashes" will enlist the attention of the entire kingdom. Those who are unable to see the games will wish to read the very best accounts of them, and see the very best photographs of stirring incidents during the matches.

The *Daily Mirror*, which always supplies to its readers the very latest information, has made, as usual, ample arrangements to thoroughly report and illustrate all the games during the cricket season.

A large staff of photographers will be assigned to attend the matches, and the camera will do splendid work as a cricket reporter, supplementing the word-painting of the writing experts.

The cricket enthusiast unable to attend the games will be in a better position than ever before to know what happened. The *Daily Mirror* will



Mr. F. B. Wilson, the famous cricket authority, who has joined the "Daily Mirror" cricket staff.—(Hawkins.)

publish photographic reports of the games the day after the event, so that readers will not only know what happened, but be able to see it.

Among our many arrangements to report the cricket matches we may mention one that is of particular interest. We have retained Mr. F. B. Wilson, who captained the Cambridge University eleven last year, to write cricket comments, notes, and articles. His work will appear every day during the season, and it will supplement the writings of our other experts.

Mr. Wilson is not only a splendid cricketer himself, with all the manly instincts and traditions of the game, but he is undoubtedly the best cricket writer of the day. He has that rare charm of style that enables its fortunate possessor to appeal to and interest the technician reader and the general reader at the same time. Even a person with no interest at all in cricket is captivated by the writings of Mr. Wilson, for he is the man who can best make a report of a cricket match live and breathe.

Mr. Wilson's record on the cricket field is an excellent one, and needs no repetition here. Readers will remember that he played twice for Harrow against Eton, distinguishing himself at Lord's by making 79 and 24, getting run out in each innings. After leaving Harrow he went to Cambridge, where his merits soon put him at the head of the "Varsity team. In that proud position he had a batting average of 58, and though rain unluckily prevented Cambridge from beating Oxford in the great "Varsity match for the year, Mr. Wilson had the satisfaction of making the highest score for his side.

Just as we engage cricket experts to write our articles, so we engage cricket experts to make our cricket photographs.

These we promise will be of an unusual character, and details of our plans to make them so will be published very shortly.

TO-DAY'S WEATHER.

Our special weather forecast for to-day is: Gusty westerly winds; showery and fair alternately; occasional sunshine; rather cool.
Lighting-up time, 8.24 p.m.
Sea passages will be rather rough to moderate.

PROBLEM FOR BRIDGE-ITES.

Which Is "The Cheat" in Mr.
Collier's Academy Painting.

WIDE RANGE OF VIEWS.

The work of the year at the Royal Academy, not necessarily because of its art value, but because it is a "Problem Picture," is "he Cheat," by the Hon. John Collier, a brother of Lord Monkswell.

It represents four bridge players, two women and two men. One of the women is standing up, apparently making some sort of statement. The other woman is seated. Upon the face of the latter is a look of rage. The two men preserve a perfectly well-bred lack of expression. They look so thoroughly uninterested in what is going on that the suggestion at once occurs that the game was not being played for money.

Bridge players are asking several questions:—Which of the women was cheating, the one standing up making the speech, or the one wearing the expression of spite and revenge? The woman who stands up may be either exclaiming: "You are discovered! You trumped spades and took a trick when you had a spade in your hand!" or demanding indignantly: "Me cheat! How dare you make such an accusation!"

Identity of "Dummy."

Players of the game discuss the matter with great energy in front of the picture.

Of the four players any one of three might be the cheat. The fourth, or "dummy," whose hand is on the table, is the only one against whom there can be no suspicion. "Dummy" is a portrait of Mr. Collier himself, the artist wisely giving himself the best character in the cast.

A pretty girl was looking at the painting yesterday. "You see," she said, "the woman sitting down has the deal. She has won two tricks. Just over her head there is a looking-glass in which she can see the hand of the player on her right. The other girl has found it out."

"Oh, no," cried another expert. "The woman who is in a rage has accused the man on her right of cheating. His partner, the pretty girl standing up, is resenting the accusation, for she is in love with him."

"Clearly it's a love affair, with jealousy in it," thought the first speaker. "I don't suppose there is any cheating at all, but if there is, it is done by the woman sitting down. She has red hair, and red-haired women always cheat at bridge if they get the chance."

"Awful Bad Form."

"I wonder what the men did," put in a youth. "I suppose it ended in a fight?"

"But a man can't hit a woman even if she does call his partner a cheat," said the girl.

"No, but he can punch her partner's head," the boy explained.

"Awful bad form to get up and make a scene," a man remarked.

"I wonder what they were playing for," his friend observed.

"If she cheated her partner must have known it. He has a guilty look," a clergyman assured his wife.

A *Mirror* reporter who called at the New Bridge Club, Knightsbridge, and saw several members was told that opinion is divided there as to the identity of the cheat.

Lady Burford-Hancock thought the woman sitting down guilty.

But Mrs. Frederick Sheart, another expert, and Mr. Teixeira de Mattos, the secretary of the club, and one of the foremost authorities on the game, were sure that the cheat was standing up.

"Another player suggested that perhaps all four in the picture had been cheating."

EXCITING TEA PARTY.

Two Pounds Fine for Six Minutes' Talk
with a Lady.

"Frivolous and unchurchlike," is the description given of a novel bachelor's tea-party and concert held in connection with a church in the neighbourhood of Blackburn.

The rules set up by the gathering were extraordinary, and the non-observance involved a penalty of 40s.

Conversation between a lady and gentleman for a longer period than five minutes constituted an offence. It was also culpable on the part of any gentleman to be found curling his moustache, and no elbows were allowed to be leaned on the table by either sex.

Fines imposed realised over £5, and it is said the affair has caused some friction.

Alderman C. G. Beale was unanimously elected Lord Mayor of Birmingham yesterday, in place of the late Mr. Rowland H. Berkeley. Alderman Beale thus creates a record, he being the first to hold the office for a fourth time.

MARRIAGE HOAX.

Malicious Joker Advertises a Wedding
That Never Happened.

That practical joking is a dangerous form of humour and very often in bad taste is shown by two wedding announcements that appeared in the "Times" and the "Daily Telegraph" of Monday. Both papers were victims of a silly hoax.

The announcement, in each case the same, was as follows:—

MORFORD-KING.—On April 27, at the parish church, Ruislip, near Pinner, by the Rev. Mr. Spry, Walter Morford, of The Laurels, to Alice J. King, of 16, Hanover-street, Hanover-square, W.

In yesterday's "Times" Mr. Morford published a disclaimer, and in the "Daily Telegraph" there appeared the following contradictions:—

MORFORD-KING.—Mr. Morford begs to deny all knowledge of the announcement which appears in yesterday's "Daily Telegraph" under the above heading.

MORFORD-KING.—Miss A. J. King, of 16, Hanover-street, Hanover-square, admits all knowledge of the announcement that appeared under the above in yesterday's issue.

Mr. Morford is a gentleman well known to Miss King, but recently he was married to a Miss Spry. Miss King, who is a costume-maker in an extensive way of business, knew nothing of the hoax until an old customer greeted her as "Mrs. Morford," and said: "You might have told us you were going to be married."

The matter was placed by Miss King in the hands of her solicitors, and it was found that the advertisements had been received at the two newspaper offices under circumstances that gave rise to no suspicion.

POISON AS SWEETMEAT.

Mysterious Substance Eaten by Children
Supposed To Be Belladonna.

Practically no further light was thrown upon the nature of the mysterious substance by which a number of York children were poisoned, one of their number succumbing to the effects.

The inquest on little James Scott, which was opened yesterday, was adjourned in order that a thorough analysis might be made.

The coroner was informed that the other children were progressing favourably, but they appear to have had narrow escapes.

Medical evidence suggested that the material they mistook for a sweetmeat was a preparation of belladonna, of which the maximum dose for an adult is one grain.

One doctor, who tasted it, said it numbed the tongue, and had the compound not burned the children's mouths, stopping them from taking more, the results would have been much more serious.

A labourer of Shepherd's Bush died from the effects of drinking bichromate of potash from a bottle which he thought contained beer.

YACHT WITH A HISTORY.

£18,000 Will Buy a Destroyer That Was
Intended for Russia.

Innocently disguised as a yacht, there lies in the West India Docks a first-class torpedo-boat destroyer for sale. The price asked is a mere £18,000, and any private person desirous of owning a really fast boat may buy her. The only stipulation is that she is not to be employed as a warship by either Japan or Russia.

It is common talk in the dock that this long, guileless-looking little yacht, with her two cabins fore and aft, three slender masts, and two squat funnels, very nearly became the property of Russia five months ago. Her name is the *Jeanne*, and she is twin sister to the famous *Caroline*, purchased by Mr. Sinnett, and smuggled out of the Thames by Mr. Roche.

"Mr. Sinnett," on behalf of his "friends," is said to have purchased both boats. One he successfully got away with, the other he was forced to leave behind, and an arbitrary Admiralty issued an order that she must not leave the Thames without official permission. Therefore the contract fell through.

Messrs. Yarrow emphatically declared yesterday that the *Jeanne* does not belong to "Mr. Sinnett." "She is our property," said the secretary, "and anybody can buy her."

BABES IN OFFICE.

According to the chairman of the Staines Guardians, the Local Government Board has "no more knowledge than a baby" how the new order for the feeding of starving school-children is to be carried out.

He states that in country districts some time would have to elapse before a child could be provided with a meal, unless the relieving officer did the catering himself.

OPERA BY INSTALMENTS.

Walking Dress in Covent Garden
Boxes and Stalls.

SINGULAR SPECTACLE.

Covent Garden Opera House presented an unwonted appearance at five o'clock yesterday afternoon, the time fixed for the beginning of "Die Walküre," the second opera of the Wagner cycle.

Few of the boxes were occupied, but the stalls and circles were quite full.

The example of wearing walking-dress, set by the Duke and Duchess of Connaught, who, with the Princess Margaret, took their places in the royal box shortly before five o'clock, had been adopted by a large proportion of those present.

Almost as many had decided on evening dress, but the scene presented by the house was far more subdued than the brilliant spectacle of the preceding evening.

The first act of the opera, which occupies about an hour, was followed by a scene of remarkable enthusiasm, each of the three artists being recalled time and again, while Dr. Richter shared a liberal measure of applause.

Every door of the theatre was opened, and the opera-goers poured out in wild haste. Motor-broughams, carriages, and cabs surged through the by-streets, carrying the audience quickly away. Some hurried home to dress for the remainder of the performance, others had evidently resolved to dine as near to the opera house as circumstances would permit.

Every restaurant and tea-room within a quarter of a mile of the opera house overflowed with musical enthusiasts.

Many exponents of the simple life preferred to spend the interval in the gallery, contentedly munching sticks of chocolate and turning over the opera scores with which they had provided themselves.

The opera was resumed at a quarter to eight, after an interval of an hour and a half.

GLUT OF THREEPENNY-BITS.

May Meetings Disperse the Hordes of the
Parsimonious.

For several months the "thrip'ny bit" has almost disappeared from circulation. Many regular patrons of church plates, ashamed to give coppers, have been obliged, sometimes no doubt with reluctance, to bestow sixpences for lack of the smaller coin.

But this week the threepenny-piece is constantly met with, and day by day the number of them in circulation is increasing. Omnibus and tramcar conductors murmur expostives at the multitude of them for the coin is undoubtedly unpopular, even with offery collectors, as distinct from contributors.

This is the explanation. During the winter hundreds of economical, not to say parsimonious, people, have been accumulating these tiny and tire-some coins in order to be able to contribute silver at each of the "May meetings" they attend.

And at the larger May meetings portly gentlemen have to labour far into the night counting and checking, and re-checking the stacks of threepenny pieces the charitable enthusiasm of visitors has assembled.

ASPIRANT FOR THE STAGE.

Little Chimpanzee Which Drinks Tea and
Makes His Own Bed.

Another juvenile music-hall aspirant, only four years old, has come to London. Mr. Hamlyn, the zoological expert, is entertaining him at St. George's-street, E.

Muli is a chimpanzee hailing from Sierra Leone, and is not yet full-grown. Yesterday he welcomed the *Daily Mirror* with literally open arms, and then shook hands cordially.

His education has been by no means neglected, though it is hardly perfect yet. But he will sit at table and eat bread and bananas, and drink tea from a cup. He has a greedy habit of insisting that he should be helped before anyone else.

Muli makes his bed on the sofa, first arranging the blankets to his liking, and sleeps peacefully all night by himself.

SAVED BY HIS WIFE'S PLUCK.

To his wife's nerve and presence of mind Mr. Hancock, of Hayward's Heath, Sussex, owes his own and her narrow escape with slight injuries from a great danger.

The horse of their trap charged a motor-car, and Mr. Hancock was thrown out.

Mrs. Hancock then seized the reins and brought the horse, which was madly capering about her husband, to a standstill.

WARSHIP WRECKED.

H.M. Destroyer Syren Runs on a
Reef at Night.

During night exercises the torpedo-boat destroyer Syren went ashore on Bere Island, on the West Coast of Ireland. H.M. cruiser *Aeolus* and the Stormcock went from Queenstown to her assistance.

It was during a torpedo attack that the vessel, which belongs to the Portland flotilla, ran on a reef at the eastern entrance to the harbour, and she remains on the rocks with her back broken.

At the time of the accident, when it was very dark, the Syren, under Commander S. R. Oliver, was steaming twenty-six knots an hour. The crew were saved, and the remainder of the flotilla are engaged in salvaging stores and armament.

The Admiralty have issued the following:—

A telegram has been received from the rear-admiral commanding torpedo and submarine craft flotillas to the effect that, during the night exercises of the torpedo craft inside Berehaven, destroyer Syren, in endeavouring to enter the harbour, ran on the east end of Bere Island. She is badly ashore as far aft as the foremost torpedo tube. No one of the crew is injured.

The Syren, a twin-screw destroyer of 300 tons, was built at Jarrow in 1901, and carried a crew of about sixty.

OFFICIAL WASTE.

Potatoes Meant To Relieve Irish Poor Said
To Be Thrown Into Sea.

Mr. T. H. Sloan, M.P., has announced his intention of bringing to the notice of the House of Commons an extraordinary alleged case of wasting public money.

A steamer named the *Granuaile*, belonging to the Congested Districts Board, shipped a cargo of 300 tons of potatoes at Belfast for the poor folks on Achill Island, to buy on the instalment system. But even instalments they could not pay.

So after about 25cwt. had been disposed of, thirty tons were sold at a low price to a merchant, who resold them for their full value.

Finding that a quantity of potatoes were still going a-begging, those in authority threw overboard 1,200 bagsful. The crew were advised to say nothing about it.

UNLUCKY FISHERMEN.

British Crew Bravely Rescue Twenty-eight
Frenchmen in a Storm.

An ill-fate has befallen the *Prosper Jeanne*, of St. Malo, a fishing vessel which set forth last week for St. Pierre, Newfoundland. She had to be abandoned by her crew of twenty-eight some seventy miles south-west of the "Edlystase," and was then set afire and blown up with gunpowder.

Her skipper, handed with his crew, Plymouth yesterday, thus describes his experiences:—

"A small leak was sprung on Sunday, and about five o'clock on Monday afternoon there came down upon us a mighty squall, a single gust sweeping away both masts. Signals of distress were hoisted on the stumps of the spars, as the leak, which had become serious, gave us great anxiety."

"Luckily an hour later the London steamer *Lisbon* was sighted, outward bound from London to Lisbon. Our signals were promptly recognised, and twelve of the crew reached the *Lisbon* on our surf boats or dorens, of which we had fourteen."

"But it was slow and hazardous work, so Captain Gagey sent away his lifeboat, in charge of the first and second officers, and the remaining sixteen of our crew were bravely rescued in one trip at about half past nine."

TRACED BY A DOG.

Led to the spot by the suspicious behaviour of his dog, Mr. Channing, a farmer, found in a boat-house by the canal at Tiverton the body of a cattle-drover who had been missing.

Found Drowned was the verdict at yesterday's inquest.

SANDS AS PARADE GROUND.

Major-General Baden-Powell, Inspector of Cavalry, paid a surprise inspection visit to the 17th Lancers while they were exercising on the sands at Piershill, near Edinburgh, yesterday morning.

The "Death or Glory Boys" are under orders for India.

ASTOUNDING CHARGE AGAINST A BOY.

Frederick Walker, a boy of ten, who nearly succeeded in his attempt to kill Ethel Gately, aged three years, at Runcorn, was yesterday certified to be quite sane.

Walker led the child to a piece of waste ground and beat her head with a brick.

He has been remanded for a week.

RADIUM AT £178,000 AN OUNCE.

Great Profits for Owners of the
Precious Metal.

SCIENTIST'S APPEAL.

The price of radium is now £178,000 an ounce, and there is scarcely any in England.

This, to a great extent, is due to the action of Austria, the greatest radium producing country, which refuses to allow any radium to be exported.

Austria, indeed, has practically "cornered" radium.

"Radium is almost priceless now," said Sir William Ramsay to the *Daily Mirror*, "for the simple reason that we cannot get any."

"The only place where radium is likely to be found in England is in Cornwall. A company was formed to obtain radium from thence, but so far as I know none has been put on the market."

"Some time ago, however, when radium was one-twelfth its present price, many wealthy private persons bought small quantities of radium to place in their museums, or simply as a curiosity."

Chance of Big Profits.

"I think if these people knew how willing we were to pay a reasonable price, that is probably ten times what they gave for it, they might be willing to come forward and sell it to us."

"Moreover, they would be conferring a great national benefit by enabling us to continue our researches."

"The *Daily Mirror* will be doing the world of science a great service also if it will advertise this fact."

"For I have no doubt many people who do possess small quantities of radium have no use for it."

"In some cases, perhaps, it is merely stowed



SIR WILLIAM RAMSAY.—(Elliott and Fry.)

away in cabinets, and its very owners have forgotten that they possess it."

During the last few years the price of radium has varied considerably.

Towards the end of 1903 it rose in one month from £12,800 an ounce to £64,000. Early in 1904 it was said to be worth £39,000 an ounce. Now it is quoted as being worth £178,000 an ounce.

SALLIES FROM THE BENCH.

County Court Judge Relieves the Tedium of
His Duties with a Story.

Mr. Judge Bacon was in a characteristically facetious mood in the Whitechapel County Court yesterday.

One good lady complained that she never had a rent book, adding, "and the one I once had was took back."

Judge Bacon: "That sounds like the frying-pan story. I never borrowed your frying-pan, if I did I gave it to you back, and it had a hole in it."

To a witness, a working man, who, when called, walked very leisurely to the box, his Honour said: "Come along, come along, man; remember you're not being paid by the hour now."

MOTHER IN DEEP DISTRESS.

"Their father is at death's door, and when I get home I expect to find him dead," said a heart-broken woman in the Stratford Police Court yesterday, where her two little sons, Henry and George Robertson, aged eleven and nine, were charged with purse-snatching.

The boys, who have been in trouble for theft before, are to be sent to a reformatory.

FIGHT IN CHURCH.

Disgraceful Struggle Over a Cross at
Oxford.

The Oxford magistrates yesterday heard a remarkable story of a fight which took place in the Church of the Divine Love, in that city, at the close of evening service on Sunday.

Just before the congregation dispersed, Benjamin Blackwell, a painter, rushed in and seized the cross-bearer. In the confusion ladies were thrown over chairs, whilst men rushed to the assistance of the cross-bearer.

Blackwell, who bit one man in the hand, tore the cross-bearer's surplice and broke the wooden cross, was ejected.

Yesterday he was fined 2s. 6d., and ordered to pay the damages.

The church is conducted by the Rev. Vernon Herford, who is described as the titular Bishop of Mercia, in communion with the Syro-Chaldean Church.

SWORD OF DAMOCLES.

Twice Tried Prisoner Complains of Charge
Still Hanging Over Him.

Although the prosecution of Lionel George Peyton Holmes for forging a cheque for £819 has failed twice through the juries disagreeing, the lay will not let him go.

At the Old Bailey yesterday Holmes's counsel stated that the Attorney-General had issued his fiat of "nulli prosequi," and asked for prisoner's discharge.

It was explained that the effect of the fiat is that proceedings are stayed, but that if at any future time further evidence is produced the prisoner may be tried again.

"Do I understand that the charge is still hanging over my head? It is very unjust," said Holmes.

WORLD'S LAZIEST MAN

Has a Siesta in Court and Cannot Find
Energy To Reply to Charge.

John Cheetham, charged yesterday at Blackburn with neglecting his family, was described as the laziest man on earth.

He leaned half-asleep on the dock rail while witnesses gave their evidence, and said he had not worked for eleven years.

Inspector Harrison remarked that he was too lazy to speak in reply to the charge, and another officer observed that the hardest work he did was to fetch the supper beer. Cheetham's wife said he declared work was a herb.

The Chairman: And a bitter one to him. Three months' hard labour.

WOULD-BE SUICIDES.

Charges Against Six People Who Found the
Burden of Life Too Heavy.

Six charges of attempted suicide were made against men yesterday in two London police courts—five at Worship-street and one at the Mansion House.

A caretaker of schools was remanded for opening the veins in both his wrists with a razor. It was stated that he had acted under stress of trouble.

Two men had attempted to drown themselves in a canal near Bow and Victoria Park respectively. A labourer had taken a quantity of carbolic acid, and the extenuating circumstances mentioned in his case were that he had a wife and four children and could get no work to do.

The fifth case at Worship-street was dismissed because the accused had not made any suicidal attempt, having only rushed into the street with an open razor.

Want of work was the plea put forward in the case of a card-edge gilder, remanded at the Mansion House.

He had cut his throat badly, and the Court ordered that he should be driven in a cab to Brixton.

CARELESS GOVERNMENT.

For the fourteenth time, Voislav Irkovich was brought up at Bow-street yesterday for extradition on a charge of embezzling money of the Serbian Government.

The Serbian Government had been written to for necessary further evidence, but no reply had been received, and Sir Albert de Rutzen stated that he would certainly discharge the prisoner next week unless the reply was forthcoming.

Losing his temper because 3s. 6d. was stolen out of his pocket, John Sanderson, of Brixton, smashed the windows of a coffee-house, and was yesterday sentenced to two months' hard labour.

MARRIED MARRIAGES.

Forty Real Life Dramas in the Matrimonial Court Yesterday.

HUSBAND AND DOG.

No fewer than forty undefended matrimonial cases were disposed of yesterday by the president of the Divorce Court and Mr. Justice Bargaive Deane.

The great majority of these cases were of no interest except to the parties unfortunately concerned, but in one or two suits there were peculiarities of incident out of the usual groove.

A young Wimbledon petitioner, Mr. Cecil James Lucas, described how a bull-terrier prevented him from obtaining access to his wife, who had run away from him.

Mr. Lucas had heard that his wife was staying at Cooper's Hill, in a house belonging to a Mr. Gibbs, whose acquaintance they had made at Aldershot after their marriage.

Like a "Garrison."

Mrs. Lucas would not return home, and Mr. Gibbs, in explaining this to the husband, had suggested that the latter should ascertain his wife's wishes on the subject from her own lips. "Come to Cooper's Hill," Mr. Gibbs had written.

So to Cooper's Hill Mr. Lucas went, taking with him a couple of friends.

But when they came to the house to which Mrs. Lucas had fled they found that it was a stronghold with a garrison. It was surrounded by a fenced enclosure, the entrance-gate to which was padlocked. Behind the gate was the garrison—Mr. Gibbs in command of a bull-terrier, and a man with a double-barrelled gun.

The runaway wife was behind the garrison.

"You can speak to her if you come in by yourself," said Mr. Gibbs; but Mr. Lucas refused. He preferred to remain outside with his own forces.

He was yesterday granted a decree nisi.

A case in which a lady who eloped with a steamship steward was divorced, provided an illustration of the way in which the word "here" can qualify a sentence.

This lady, when her husband asked her in South Africa whether she cared more for somebody else, said: "There is nobody I like better here."

High Seas Not Included.

After she eloped she pointed out that "here" did not include the high seas, on which sailed the steward to whom she had transferred her affections.

Two strangely happy-go-lucky and callous letters written by a husband to the wife whom he had deserted contained admissions on which evidence that procured a divorce was based.

Mr. James George Elliot Wood, who had ordered his wife out of her home, wrote when she offered "to let bygones be bygones":—

Thank you for your kind invitation. It is quite impossible, so do not bother me. You accused me of misconduct. I am not ashamed to confess it.—Your husband, George.

Then in answer to another request he said:—

If you really want to get evidence you can find that I made furious love by going to the Grosvenor Hotel and seeing the visitors' book. If you are curious to know what we ate and drank, ask to see the bill. I do not want to be bothered by having detectives following me all over the place. Yours, etc., George Elliot Wood.

Wife's Pathetic Appeal.

A pathetic letter written by a wife who sought an order for restitution of conjugal rights, Mrs. Grace Dundas Hamilton Curphey, née Suttar-Robinson, was read in court.

She is an artist, her husband a London surveyor, she took a cottage for her at Twyford, where he visited her at week-ends.

From September, 1903, until June, 1904, he failed to do so. He had been away on business, he said; but she ascertained that something else was the cause of his absence.

Mr. Curphey wrote: "My dearest Alfred—I have always been a loving wife. Why do you not come back? I will overlook the past, and will never refer to it again. We are both young. Let us try and be happy again in the future as we used to be in the past. Let me come and see you—I don't care where. I want you to be my husband in fact instead of in name."

Mr. Curphey refused, and yesterday an order of "restitution" was made against him.

ACCORDING TO THEIR LOOKS.

"Every prisoner in this country is entitled to have counsel for one guinea," said the Recorder at the Old Bailey yesterday to a prisoner who raised the question.

"If you get a guinea and hand it to a counsel—you may look round and make your choice—you are entitled to retain him for your defence."

For the last two days the magistrates at Acton and Chiswick have had only two cases before them.

BLACKMAILING A WIFE.

Woman's Pitiful Confession of Theft
and a Husband's Pefidy.

I worked for him, I stole for him, I starved for him, and yet he left me to go with other women. I hope you will deal leniently with me.

Such was one of the most remarkable statements ever heard from the dock of the Old Bailey. The prisoner who made it was Jessie Hardwicke, a married woman, charged with her husband, Charles Hardwicke, with stealing spoons, clothing, and money from Mrs. Edward Congreve, a private hotelkeeper.

The prisoners parted after leaving the hotel, the man to live with another woman and the wife to go to a situation at Folkestone.

From London Hardwicke wrote to his wife threatening her that, unless she sent him money, he would inform upon her to Mrs. Congreve. He fulfilled his threat, and both were arrested.

The Recorder characterised this blackmailing of a wife as a crime no man with a spark of honour would commit.

Hardwicke was also convicted for stealing a ring from his paramour, to whom he represented himself as a single man, and for obtaining money from his father described him as a "thorough bad lot," though he had been educated as a gentleman.

His wife, who pleaded guilty, was sentenced to three months' hard labour, and Hardwicke, who pleaded not guilty, got three years' penal servitude.

"DRIFTED" INTO CRIME.

Young Man's Remarkable Career Revealed
Through Charge of Fraud.

Mr. Kettle, the magistrate, who began his tenure of office at Marlborough-street yesterday, had before him a remarkable charge of fraud against a youth named John Gorr or Allen.

It was alleged that the accused had obtained £10 from Mr. Frederick Macmillan, of the publishing firm of Macmillan and Company, Limited, by representing himself to be the son of the well-known American author, John Lane Allen.

There were two further charges of obtaining £1 from a Mr. Tatton, of Leinster-square, and £11 from Mr. William Bovill, journalist, Gray's Inn-place. In the latter case he claimed to be a nephew of the late Dean of Arches, and presented a card with the name of "J. A. Gore."

Detective-sergeant Tupper stated that there were about twenty accusations of the kind against the prisoner.

The prisoner said in the witness-box that he was discharged from Derby Gaol in February, and the Prison Committee said they could not help him as he was a Londoner. Having no undesirable acquaintances, he had "drifted into this."

The magistrate committed him to the North London Sessions.

VALUE OF FINGER PRINTS.

Remarkable Comments of the Recorder on
Masked Murder Charge.

The Recorder at the Old Bailey yesterday advised the Grand Jury that there was sufficient evidence to justify them in returning a true bill against Alfred Statham, in connection with the masked murders at Depford, but remarked that the testimony against his brother Albert was not so strong.

He also made some interesting remarks about finger-prints, which, it was said, were an infallible test.

He should be glad to know that this was so, but he did not think they had sufficient experience of it.

"On the fingers of your hands and mine at the time of birth," the Recorder explained, "there are certain lines. And no two persons are alike—it is very wonderful. In the same way no two faces are exactly alike, and no two sheep in a flock. The shepherd knows his own sheep."

HARVEST FROM EMPTY HOUSES.

Some ingenuity was shown by two young women, Mary Peart, married, and Elizabeth Park Walker, single, who were at Scarborough yesterday sent to prison for six weeks for robbing penny-in-the-slot gas-meters.

They obtained keys from the landlords of houses just vacated by tenants, saying they wished to look over them.

At ten houses meters had been forced open, and the money in them, ranging from threepence to five shillings, stolen.

"NOT FIT FOR GRAND JURY."

One man summoned on the Grand Jury at the Old Bailey yesterday asked to be excused on the ground that he was a gardener, who was paid by the day.

The Lord Mayor: I do not think you are a fit person to be on the Grand Jury, and you are, therefore, exempted.

BRITISH COOKS AS GOOD AS ANY.

Convincing Display Opened by the
Duke of Connaught.

INTERESTING EXHIBITS.

"After all, cooking is a great art," said the Duke of Connaught when he opened the sixteenth Universal Cookery and Food Exhibition at the Royal Horticultural Hall, Westminster, yesterday afternoon.

On all sides were spread articles forming the most convincing proof of the aphorism of his Royal Highness. From the Table d'Honneur, where the greatest classic cooks of the world vie with one another, for no other reward than honour, in producing dishes as pleasing to the eye as to the palate, down to the benches where the work of school children was shown, every exhibit had both interest and instructive value.

On the Table d'Honneur were examples of dishes such as the Royal Lamprey Pie annually presented to his Majesty by the Mayor of Gloucester, in memory, perhaps, of an English monarch whose inordinate indulgence in lampreys is said to have caused his premature decease. Here, too, are dishes contributed by the chefs of all the great London hotels.

Invalid and domestic cookery, confectionery, plain cooking, all branches of the great art, have their skilled expositors.

Wagland Holds Her Own.

"In every department," said M. Ménager, chef to his Majesty, to the *Daily Mirror*, "a level of excellence has been reached which places Great Britain abreast of any country in the world in the art of cookery."

M. Ménager spoke from an intimate knowledge of the exhibits, for he is chairman of the jury of experts who judge the dishes and award the prizes. Much has been done in the promotion of this excellence in British cookery by the Universal Cookery and Food Association, under whose auspices the exhibition is held. There was accordingly a striking manifestation of enthusiasm on the part of the large and fashionable gathering present when the Duke of Connaught attributed the improvement shown to its true source.

The exhibition will be open to-day, and on the two following days. Among other interesting competitions are those for school-children and the Army and Navy cooking contests. There is also plenty of excellent music to brighten the proceedings.

AMMONIA MANSLAUGHTER.

Engineer Committed on Charge of Causing
His Wife's Death.

Manslaughter was the verdict returned by the Southwark coroner's jury yesterday against the Bermondsey engineer, W. Lucas, who is charged with having caused his wife's death by pressing on her mouth a cloth saturated with ammonia.

A sister of the deceased told the coroner that Mrs. Lucas came to her house early on Sunday morning and said her husband had tried to suffocate her.

Screams of "Murder" were heard by a woman lodging in the same house, who said that Mrs. Lucas's face was swollen and her tongue blistered. When the accused came to the door, and said: "Let me bathe your face," his wife replied: "I'll have nothing to do with you." He again pleaded: "Lil, don't give me up, for the sake of the children."

The coroner read a penitent letter from Lucas, in which he wrote: "It was a mad trick. My wife is in hospital. She forgives me."

Dr. E. A. Ticehurst, of Guy's Hospital, said death was due to bronchitis and acute inflammation of the trachea. He thought the woman must have inhaled ammonia for some time.

The accused was committed for trial on a coroner's warrant.

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HARMSWORTH ENCYCLOPAEDIA

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INTERESTING NEWS ITEMS.

Deafness is the only infirmity of William Horne, a labourer, of Swannore, Hants, who has just celebrated his 102nd birthday.

Owing to a strike of lamp-lighters in the Worsley district, near Manchester, the streets have been in darkness for several nights past.

In no fewer than three Yorkshire villages, Barwick-in-Elmet, Naburn, and Slingsby, the old may-pole stands as a permanent institution.

Sandhills facing the Irish Sea near the old village of Wallasey, and covering about fifty acres, are to be levelled and the site turned into a pleasure park.

Over a gravestone in the Priory Churchyard, Brecon, a youth named Kelly was caught playing leapfrog. His want of reverence cost him 9s. at the local police court.

Mr. Morgan Morgan has just vacated his post of vergier at Llandaff Cathedral, a position he had held for forty-five years. His connection with the cathedral extends over sixty years.

For two days a black cat belonging to a Carmarthen resident was lost. She had been unwittingly closed up in the back of a wagonette, which journeyed to Allymynydd on the occasion of the visit of Princess Christian.

Exportations of Lincoln sheep, says the annual report of the Lincolnshire Long Wool Sheep Breeders' Association numbered 2,787. During the year the official ear-marker tattooed 39,349 lambs bred by ewes belonging to members.

Indignant at the appearance on the electric cars of advertisements of whisky and other intoxicants, the Rochdale Temperance Union unsuccessfully petitioned the corporation to remove them.

Out of their profits during the past twelve months the Leeds Tramways Committee have handed over £55,000 in relief of the rates.

Dated 1611, one of the famous "Breeches" Bibles, with contemporary psalter, will shortly come under the hammer at Newport, Isle of Wight. It is a quarto volume.

Stout and pipes of tobacco were amongst the things allowed a ten-year-old girl by her parents at Bolton. The father said he let the child smoke to cure her toothache.

"I have come to my last beam," said a man named Brown, sent to gaol at Booter for theft. "I have tramped nine hundred miles since Christmas in search of work."

When fined at Brighouse (Yorks.) for hawking without a permit, Harry Shaw told the Bench he had hawked in Bradford for twenty-two years without a licence, and had not been interfered with. He said he should not visit Brighouse again.

Four kittens have been born inside a piano belonging to a Chiswick gentleman. The mother had climbed through a hole in the back of the instrument, and her family's presence was only discovered when the piano was examined because of its tone having become affected.

MAY-DAY REVELS AT KNUTSFORD.



At Knutsford, a Cheshire village, the May-Day revels have been repeated every year since 1878. This photograph shows the procession of children, many of whom are in fancy-dress, arriving at the heath, where the may-pole dances were held.

Complaint was made at the Southwark coroner's court yesterday that the jury had to deliberate in a garden owing to want of proper accommodation.

Practical use is made of a churchyard in Lincolnshire other than in the matter of interments. The ground is laid out as a garden, and the flowers are sold in order to partly defray the expenses of the church.

Friction exists between officers commanding Yeomanry regiments and the War Office owing to the refusal of the latter to grant licences for the sale of spirits in the canteens during the annual training.

Lord Harrington, in appealing to Midland farmers to use as little barbed wire as possible, said he had had eight falls in hunting over it. He could, therefore, speak feelingly of the pain and injury it caused.

Without divesting himself of his heavy uniform, Constable Bolsover, 279K, jumped into the River Lea and pluckily rescued Alfred Timson, aged five, of Morgan-street, Mile End, who had fallen in whilst playing on the bank.

Although he fell headlong through the window of a train travelling between Blackpool and Manchester at the rate of forty miles an hour, a little boy of three was picked up on the line practically uninjured near Clifton Junction.

Asked by a companion, whose arm was in a sling as the result of an accident, to put a sovereign and a doctor's certificate in his inside pocket, Thomas Corbett pretended to do as requested. He kept the sovereign, however, and at Wellington (Salop) was sent to gaol for seven days for theft.

Nearly £400 a year will be saved by the decision of the City Corporation to substitute incandescent gas lighting for electric arc lamps in Queen Victoria-street, Fleet-street, and Lower Thames-street.

Four civilians and one constable were required to lock up Mary Coleman, who had been fighting with her husband on a Heywood (Lancs.) tramcar. She bit one man on the calf of his leg, and another on the hand.

Under the heading of exceptional items of expenditure in the Talywain (Mon.) Church accounts, presented at the vestry meeting, appeared the following:—"For tolling the church bell upon the occasion of the death of the Bishop of Llandaff, 6d."

Condoleance with the family of the late Sir Reginald Hanson, for twenty-five years Alderman of Billingsgate Ward, was silently voted by the City Aldermen yesterday. The second son of the late Sir Reginald is a candidate for the vacancy to be filled to-day.

There were more barristers than prisoners at the Birmingham Sessions. The Recorder said he had before him the names of 101 counsel, who were in attendance. When he first sat at Birmingham in 1862 there were only twenty members of the Bar in practice at the sessions.

How professional beggars "starve" was revealed at Manchester. Evidence against a vagrant showed that when he espied a likely patron coming along the street he would quietly drop a piece of bread on the ground. Then he would grab at the food and devour it ravenously in the hope of exciting charity.

BABY BOYS AS BUDDING MOZARTS.

Proud Father's Ingenious Record
of Their Productions.

TO-DAY'S PICTURES.

Child-lovers are all familiar with the crooning airs that seem to flow spontaneously from the little people when they are absorbed in their play.

The composers of these child-songs quite unconsciously fit their simple but expressive little airs to the words they are singing.

A book just published by Mr. William Platt on "Child-Music" shows that sufficient attention has not yet been paid to this side of the child-mind. Mr. Platt has noted down, with pencil and paper, quite a number of the little songs instinctively sung by his children, Maurice and Robert, whose portraits are reproduced on page 9.

When only twenty-eight months old, Maurice, the elder boy, was first noted by his father singing over and over again, with dreamy satisfaction, the little tune we reproduce.

From that date onward quite a number of tunes were noted. Some of them express the spontaneous gaiety of a child, some are dreamy and wistful, and all embody the sense of the words wedded to them.

COMPOSERS, NOT IMITATORS.

Another feature noted by Mr. Platt was that both his children resorted to earlier tunes they had sung, reproducing them after intervals of as long as six months, with entirely different words, and in a more elaborate form.

It is further noted that while very young the two children were unable to repeat tunes sung to them by their parents, although they repeated their own child-music, again and again, in perfect tune.

Some interesting conclusions are made by Mr. Platt from his study of this spontaneous child-music. These conclusions, as well as the merry little songs the book contains, should prove of the deepest interest to all lovers of children.

HYMN FOR FATHERS AND MOTHERS.

"A hymn for fathers and mothers" concludes the little volume. The melody is ascribed to Robert—composed at the age of twenty-and-a-half months. When he was four-and-a-half he composed a hunting song with a strong "Tally-ho" flavour.

When he was four-and-two-thirds years old, which happened about Christmas-time, he composed both words and music of "A Dream of Christmas Joys," with some harmonious information about a cracker with a lot of fire in it and a nice toy.

Regarding the last achievement his father observes that Robert sang it just after being put to bed, and that it has "appropriate dreaminess, besides being remarkable for its rhythmic scheme."

OLD-FASHIONED MAY DAY REVELS.

Visitors from Manchester, Liverpool, Southampton, Stockport, Chester, and many other towns in the neighbourhood crowded into Knutsford, Cheshire, the May Day revels shown in our photographs on pages 1 and 6 being the attraction which drew them.

In spite of the unfavourable weather the revels, which have been repeated every year since 1878, were a great success.

The gay procession wound its way through the long, narrow street to the Heath on the outskirts of the village. The children were dressed to represent nursery rhymes and pantomimes, notions and Colonies, the Army and Navy, and countless other devices. At the end of the procession rode the May Queen, Miss Elsie Cockram, a pretty child of thirteen. Surrounding her were pages and maids-of-honour, Court ladies and courtiers. Once the Heath was reached, the Queen was crowned and invested with her sceptre. Then came the May-pole dances and other revels, which the little Queen watched from her canopied throne.

GAS EXPLOSION WRECKS A CLUB.

The manner in which part of the Northam Conservative Club, Southampton, was wrecked by an explosion is graphically shown by our photograph reproduced on page 8. It is supposed that a lighted match was thrown down on the floor of the billiard-room, under which there was an accumulation of escaped gas. The billiard-room was wrecked, a part of the billiard-table was hurled into the street, and a member, a farmer called Bathoud, and the steward were injured.

The member was thrown into the air, and both his legs were broken, whilst his arm was fractured. He is still in a critical condition.

ORDEAL BY CAMERA.

On page 1 there is an amusing illustration of the rush to secure photographs of the Australian cricketers. When the team first posed in a group at Lord's no fewer than twenty-four cameras, many of which are shown in our photograph, were focussed upon them. The result of the work of one of the cameras is shown in the photograph on page 8.

NOTICE TO READERS.

The Editorial, Advertising, and General Business Offices of the *Daily Mirror* are:—
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Daily Mirror

WEDNESDAY, MAY 3, 1905

THE MYTH OF MAY.

"WHAT is the matter with the weather?" That is everybody's question just now. People wear an aggrieved expression, and go about shivering under the gloomy sky with a martyr-like air, as if they were suffering something unusual, something unexpected, something that has no right to happen.

Certainly, the conditions of the past fortnight, and especially of the last few days, have been unpleasant. March's blustering winds and April's sudden downpours are being prolonged into May; and, instead of getting pleasant glimpses of blue and glints of sunshine between the heavy showers, we have looked up and seen a dull leaden pall over our heads nearly all the time.

But there is nothing out of the common in this. May is, as a rule, horribly inclement. The poets have agreed to write about it as if it were the gayest, most light-hearted month in the year. In point of fact, more colds are caught in May than at any other season. Compared with May, November and February are genial and kind.

Many of us feel the shock when "summer sets in with its usual severity" all the more unpleasantly because we insist on dressing by the calendar instead of by the thermometer. To stop fires and take to lighter garments because it is May is positively to invite ailments.

The way to "greet the May" is to put on thick boots and warm underclothing, and to brave the drenching rain and the swelling gale with a heavy overcoat and a sou'-wester pulled down over our ears. Not even a poet would be fool enough to hanker after flannels and straw hats in weather like this.

HOOLOGAN UNDERGRADUATES.

A deplorable state of things is revealed by the steps that the University authorities at Cambridge have been compelled to take in order to preserve order and public decency in the Cambridge theatre.

So bad has the behaviour of a certain class of undergraduates been that the management had to invoke the aid of the Senior Proctor, who has issued a notice threatening those who misconduct themselves with severe punishment. Furthermore, a high official of the University, who is on the theatre directorate, has made from the stage a speech to the same effect.

The worst and most revolting feature of all is the complaint that women are prevented from going to the theatre by the habit these Hooligan undergraduates have of twisting innocent remarks into improprieties. Exuberance of spirits one can easily pardon. Even the excessive demand for encores, which is said to have grown into a positive nuisance, is only evidence of boyish delight in noise.

But this other matter falls into a very different category. It betrays a grossness of manners and a brutality of mind which would disgrace the lowest class of corner-men. It is most disheartening to find that young fellows, supposed to be educated and well-bred, should lower themselves to such a depth of vulgarity. Why do not the decent undergraduates take the matter into their own hands? If they determined to suppress with a firm hand the offenders against good taste and good feeling, there would be nothing left for the authorities to do.

A THOUGHT FOR TO-DAY.

Magnanimity in politics is not seldom the trust wisdom, and a great empire and little minds go all together. We ought to elevate our minds to the greatness of that trust to which the order of Providence has called us.—*Edmund Burke*.

THIS MORNING'S GOSSIP.

KING EDWARD has certainly set the royal stamp of approval upon M. Henri Lavedan, the witty author of "The Duel." One of his plays he saw performed at the Théâtre Français, another, "The Visit," he had specially performed, and the author was invited as the only representative of French literature to dine with him a day or two ago. No better advertisement could possibly fall to a man than this. I remember that when the Tsar went to Paris a few years ago he showed an exclusive admiration for the famous poet and playwright, Alfred de Musset. In consequence, nobody in Paris read anybody but Alfred de Musset for months after the visit.

M. Lavedan was already a brilliantly successful person, quite indifferent as to what people might think of him. An amusing scene took place when he was "received" into the French Academy. He took no trouble to be grave in the midst of that grave assembly. He made a speech which was careless, amusing, and immoral. The respectable Academicians could scarcely believe their ears. An old cardinal put up a kind of telescope, and severely scrutinised M. Lavedan's cheerful countenance. Old M. Leguay, the senior member of the

always taken an interest in the problems, seemingly insoluble, of the life of the poor in cities. He served on the Select Committee appointed some years ago, with Lord Dunsen at its head, to inquire into the sweating system. Yet, in spite of his sympathy with those condemned to sordid lives, he was himself brought up at aristocratic Eton and Cambridge.

He did very well at Cambridge in spite of the fact that, just before going in for an all-important examination, he passed through a trying domestic trouble, sufficient to distract the attention of a less courageous man. At Eton he was not quite so industrious. He was much persecuted by a master there who used to hurl books at his head whenever his attention wandered. Once this master aimed a large volume with such effect that it upset the boy's ink all over his trousers. The boy's response was exquisitely gentle. He took the book back to the master's desk, and said, in a tone of deep sorrow: "Oh, sir, it is the *Bible*!"

Lord Monkswell, by the way, is a brother of the Hon. John Collier, who has painted his portrait for the New Gallery this year. This popular painter's already famous "Bridge" picture at the Academy—might be seen as an alternative title "Who Has Cheated?"—had a companion a few years ago in a picture called "The Confession." A man and a woman were seated talking dismally over a fire. Which was confessing? Thousands wrote to Mr. Collier asking him to enlighten them. Finally he replied to one of his questioners with oracular ambiguity. He said: "The woman did it and the man confessed it."

English society is certain to give a cordial welcome to Miss Alice Roosevelt, who is, I understand, to spend the coming season in London as the guest of Mr. Whitelaw Reid, the new United States Ambassador. It would be difficult, however, for her to be more of a lion, or, rather, of a lioness,

MISS LENA ASHWELL,



Who played the title role in "Leah Kleschna," the American play presented for the first time in England at the New Theatre last night—(Bassano.)

Academy, blinked in amazement as he listened. Mr. Lavedan shook his head and said that he would leagues unpardonably by that dreadful little speech.

This is supposed to be an unadventurous age, but in certain corners of the world the spirit of adventure can still find satisfaction, and one of these is certainly the State of Sarawak, in Borneo, where the only English Rajah, Sir Charles Brooke, lives his "Prisoner of Zenda" existence, and has lately been having some territorial difficulties in connection with the adjacent State of Lawas. It is something, after all, to be, as Sir Charles is, the king of a country which is about the size of Wales and Scotland together, to have one's own flag, and one's own army and navy; and to have, besides, an income of some £150,000 a year.

Sir Charles Brooke is treated in Sarawak as a despot, though he happens to be a benevolent one. When his wife, a sister of Mr. Harry de Windt, came over to England during Queen Victoria's lifetime she was received as a reigning Sovereign, and the Queen embraced her on both cheeks. Sir Charles Brooke is the only Englishman who has the delightful privilege of chopping off the heads of anyone who may displease him. He does not avail himself of it, however. Amongst his subjects deputation used to be regarded as a favourite form of recreation. But his uncle, Rajah James Brooke, put an end to that.

He had to make an example of a famous native warrior, though, in order to succeed in doing so. The warrior had made a present of a dozen human heads to his fiancée by way of a delicate compliment. He was arrested and asked why he collected heads. "For a woman," he replied, "Do you know that it is against the law?" "Yes," "Are you sorry?" "No." "Will you do it again?" "Yes." After that brief examination it was decided to remove the incorrigible warrior's own head, and this was done, though with reluctance, outside the Rajah's house.

Lord Monkswell's appeal, on behalf of the Kyrle Society, for flower-seeds and bulbs to cheer the heart of poor Londoners condemned never to leave their prison, ought to secure many contributions from the kind-hearted. This kindly peer has

LOVE-LETTER MYSTERY.



Mr. Robert Wynne, the American Consul-General in London, who, with two other gentlemen, is being proceeded against by Miss M. Wood, of Washington, for obtaining from her love-letters which she alleges Mr. Platt, a United States Senator, wrote to her. She is reported to be claiming \$7,000 damages.

over here than she is in New York. Nothing that she does there escapes public notice, and she sometimes pursued by a considerable crowd as she walks down Broadway.

One of the most interesting special matinees of the season will be that which Mr. Arthur Bourcier is to give in aid of the Newport Market Army Training School next Tuesday at the Garden Theatre, under the patronage of the Prince and Princess of Wales, the Duchess of Fife, and the Duke and Duchess of Connaught. Mr. Leo Trevor's play, "Brother Officers," is to be performed, with the suitable accompaniment of a military orchestra and military programme sellers from the Newport School itself. Mr. Trevor's play is quite a favourite with the King, who saw it some years ago at Chatsworth, with the author in the principal part.

Mr. Trevor has had a long experience of military life, which accounts for the impressive realism which is one of the qualities of his play. His talent for acting he may perhaps inherit from his famous grandfather, the greatest of English actors, David Garrick. It was of Garrick that someone said: "Off the stage he is nobody in particular, but on the stage—my God!" Both off and on the stage Mr. Trevor, if he has not his ancestor's genius, is at least "somebody."

THROUGH THE "MIRROR."

WHERE WHIPPING WOULD DO GOOD.

In his letter "Corintum" advocates the use of the whip in cases of criminal assault on young children. I would go further.

There is not the faintest hope of putting down Hooliganism without the use of the cat. Brutes who appeal to bodily violence must be curbed with bodily pain.

They have no fear of imprisonment, since it is, if anything, more comfortable than their ordinary course of life. STEPHEN W. PLAYER.

Torrington-square, W.C.

ONE REASON FOR THE TRAFFIC PROBLEM.

This morning, driving along the Strand, I was delayed exactly four and a half minutes by heavy carts being allowed to walk slowly along, keeping the whole of the traffic to their own pace.

In the narrow part of the road, opposite the Adelphi Theatre, there were three of these carts, one of them belonging to the Borough of Westminster. It was empty, and the driver was sitting half asleep on the shafts.

No wonder the traffic problem is so acute.

Chelsea. R. J. L.

LATE-COMERS AT THE PLAY.

It is not only the people who arrive late who are a nuisance in the theatre. The long files of men who insist on leaving their places to visit the refreshment-room during every interval and then return after the curtain has risen are a far greater one.

They stamp on one's feet in front, tear one's dress, and those in the row behind disarrange one's hair. One would have thought that they might have grown to be a little more considerate of the comforts of others by this time. After all, this is supposed to be a country in which men are courteous.

INDIGNANT WOMAN PLAYGOER.

Bedford-court, W.C.

IS HOME WORK BAD FOR CHILDREN?

As you have recently thrown open your columns to a discussion on "Should Schoolboys Fight?" it has emboldened me to write to you on a matter which is of as much importance to the child's mental condition as the other is to the physical. I refer to the practice of giving home work to school children.

This practice is at once unnecessary and pernicious. The child, after a day's work at school, needs the evening for rest, and it is an extra strain on the brain to impose further work.

I am writing this letter in the hope that I may be able to see the general opinion of parents on this point. B. SIMMONS, JUN.

29, Norwich-road, Forest Gate.

A MUSICIAN'S GRIEVANCE.

The ways of railway companies are strange and maddening. They let you take 60lb. of luggage free, but for any double-bass they charged me yesterday 1s. 6d. for a journey of a few miles. My own fare was only 1s.

I am a professional player, and I feel this is a real grievance. MUSICIAN.

May 1.

A MAN OF THE MOMENT.

Mr. Akers-Douglas, the Home Secretary.

YESTERDAY the Aliens Bill reached its second reading, and the man who is in charge of it—a serious position considering the importance of the Bill.

But he is not the person to be disturbed even by that. He is one of the most imperturbable of mortals. Whatever happens he has the same quiet smile, the same slow manner. He never hurries; he never flurries.

Even when he was a Government Whip, and a very excellent one, too, he was never known to be excited. He just strolled about the House looking perfectly at home.

Nowadays, as a Minister, he has cultivated a severe manner and a sphinx-like silence which makes him almost unapproachable, and he is quieter than ever.

But he is very popular for all that, and has numbers of friends who find him the best of company. When he can leave Government worries behind him he can tell an excellent story, and is an equally good listener.

Like Mr. Chamberlain, he seems to have the secret of perpetual youth, and to look at him no one would imagine that he was the father of grown-up sons—twins, too.

If only he would give up his old-fashioned side-whiskers, and wear a stand-up collar, he would look younger still—and much smarter.

IN MY GARDEN.

MAY 2.—Boisterously May has come in, but May Queens have had sunny thrones, if windy ones.

Gales often work havoc in exposed gardens. The tying up of many plants is necessary. But this is an art. Do not tie all the stems of tall flowers to a single stick in an unsightly bunch. Let large plants have several supports, and dispose of the stalks in as natural a manner as possible.

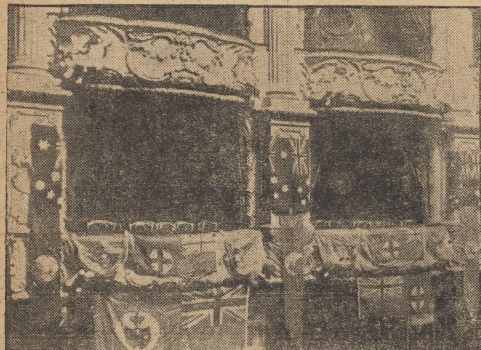
To-day the yellow alyssum (gold dust) is a shimmering mass of yellow. This is an easy-going and truly lovely evergreen plant, suitable for a rockery or border edge. E. F. L.

THE DAY'S NEWS PHOTOGRAPHED

AUSTRALIAN CRICKETERS AT LORD'S CRICKET GROUND.



The first photograph taken in England showing all the Australian cricketers together. Reading from left to right their names are:—Back row: A. R. Gehrs, W. P. Howell, W. W. Armstrong, F. Laver (manager), A. J. Hopkins, P. M. Newland; second row: R. A. Duff, C. Hill, V. Trumper, J. Darling (captain), M. A. Noble (vice-captain), C. E. McLeod, J. J. Kelly; in front: S. E. Gregory, A. Cotter.



The men of the Australian team paid a visit to the Lyceum Music Hall, where they received an enthusiastic welcome from the audience. The box prepared for their reception was, as this photograph shows, specially decorated.



M. A. Noble, the Australian vice-captain, bowling. The photograph of another Australian at practice will be published in tomorrow's *Daily Mirror*.

WRECKED BY EXPLOSION AT SOUTHAMPTON.



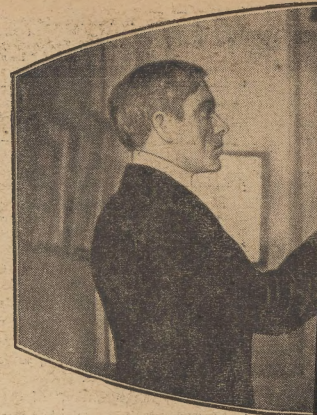
Through an explosion at the Northam Conservative Club, Southampton, the billiard-room was wrecked, a part of the billiard-table being thrown into the street, and two men were injured. It is believed to have been caused by an escape of gas.

GAEKWAR OF BARODA,



Ruler of an independent Indian State, who is now paying a visit to England. His Highness, whose official title is Sir Sayaji Rao III., is 42 years of age, and has ruled his State for 30 years.

MR. GEORGE ALEXA



The plot of "John Chilcote, M.P.," the notable resemblance between two men, John Chilcote, with his "double," M.

KING EDWARD GOES



The King leaving the motor-car in which he rode from the training stable of M. Edmond Blanc, the owner of the year's Derby.

MARRIAGE TO BE SO



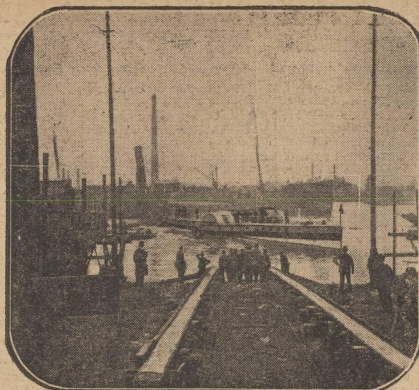
Mr. Rupert Gwynne, of Folkington, Sussex, who, at St. Margaret's Church, Westminster, to-day, will be married to—

UNDER AND HIS "DOUBLE."



y at the St. James's Theatre, turns upon the remark-
e and John Loder. Here we see Mr. George Alexander
Thorold, as Loder and Chilcote.

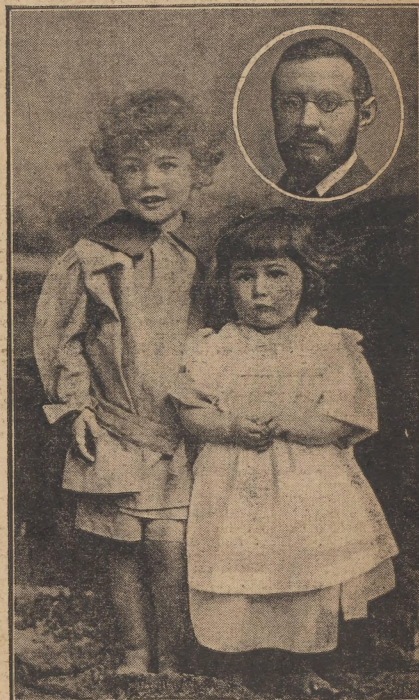
L.C.C. STEAMER LAUNCHED



The launch of the first of the London County Council
steamers to be completed at the Greenwich Iron Ship
Building Yard. Three others are being completed at the
same yard, and will shortly be ready for their trials.

NEWS VIEWS

BABY COMPOSERS OF MUSIC.



Maurice Platt, aged three years, and Robert Platt, aged
sixteen months, who have invented several tunes. Maurice
composed the melody reproduced above when he was
little more than two years of age. The smaller photo-
graph is of Mr. Platt, who has written a book on the sub-
ject.—(See page 6.)

THE RACES AT ST. CLOUD AND VISITS A FAMOUS FRENCH RACING STABLE.



His Majesty at the races at St. Cloud, where he was en-
thusiastically received by the people, who cheered him
again and again after the end of each race. By his side
is M. Ruan, the French Minister of Agriculture.

ARIADNE DESERTED—ANOTHER NOTABLE ACADEMY PICTURE.



"Ariadne Deserted by Theseus," painted by Mr. Herbert Draper, who is a follower of the late Lord Leighton, and paints flesh and drapery
with much of the skill of the master.

Hotel Bristol in Paris to inspect the famous
ant, the French horse which ran for last

FINISHED TO-DAY.



on. Stella Ridley, niece of the Countess
Aberdeen.—(Thomson and Barnett.)

OUR NEW SERIAL STORY.

LOST IN THE WINNING.

"For the cards, a horse, or a woman, will be bringing that man to me!"

CHARACTERS IN THE STORY.

LYNDAL MAYBRICK: A charming young girl, a splendid horsewoman, and brought up at the training stables of Joe Marvis.

JOE MARVIS: A trainer of racehorses at Epsom.

SIR TATTON TOWNLEY: A middle-aged racing baronet. He expects his horse King Daffodil to win the Derby.

B. S. VOGEL: A money king and the unscrupulous owner of the public favourite for the Derby, The Devil.

DOLORES ST. MERTON: A fascinating grass widow in the power of Vogel. (She is really a Mrs. Hilary.)

ARTHUR MERRICK: A gentleman jockey, who is to ride King Daffodil in the Derby.

BILLY: A one-eyed stableman devoted to Marvis.

YOU CAN BEGIN TO-DAY.

Arthur Merrick is to ride the racehorse, King Daffodil, in the Derby, and, though the fact is kept secret, his victory is certain. The public favourite for the race is The Devil, a horse belonging to Mr. Vogel, who has learned this secret about King Daffodil.

Vogel has in his power Mrs. Hilary, a fascinating society woman, whose drunken husband he is keeping abroad. She is in love with Merrick, and he with her, but Vogel forces her to use her power with her lover to prevent King Daffodil winning.

Lyndal Maybrick, a ward of Joe Marvis, who is training King Daffodil, is in love with Merrick. A splendid horsewoman, she has ridden in the secret trials which have proved King Daffodil's certain victory. Marvis believes that Merrick is in love with Lyndal.

CHAPTER V.

When Arthur Merrick informed Mr. B. S. Vogel that he had put off his departure for a day or two that gentleman merely smiled and said that he was glad.

But he found an opportunity to have another tête-à-tête with Dolores St. Merton, though she did her best to avoid being left alone with her host. "So you've persuaded him to stay, eh?" he whispered, looking her up and down with his greedy little eyes. "You're really a wonderful woman, Mrs. Hilary."

"You might remember that is not my name now," she interrupted sharply.

"I'm sorry, dear lady. I'll remember in future, I promise you. But you really are remarkable, or, rather, your power over the opposite sex is remarkable. And yet what a fuss you made when I suggested that you should use your influence on my behalf."

Dolores said nothing; she remained standing by the French windows in the music-room, where Vogel had found her, cold, disdainful, every nerve of her body expressive of loathing and contempt. Vogel felt and saw both, and inwardly he squirmed with resentment.

Dolores was dressed for dinner, she had taken particular pains with her toilet, without confessing the reason of doing so herself.

A French gown of a most delicate shade of pink cut to the perfection of simplicity and to the perfection of her figure; the only jewels she wore were a collar of pearls and two antique rings, instead of diamonds there were pink roses in her hair.

As Vogel looked at her his sluggish, evil blood stirred, and something akin to jealousy entered his heart.

"You hate me, don't you?" he chuckled savagely. "You hate me, Dolores?"

She merely shrugged her shoulders.

"I don't think so."

"I rather like being hated by you," he continued slowly. "because you're in my power." He repeated the words, gloating over them—"You're in my power, I don't think you realise that, eh?"

The colour crept up her neck and cheek at his words, but she replied coolly:—

"I realise that we're each in the power of the other; we are each useful to the other; you've been helping me, now I'm helping you. Don't forget that."

"You're very beautiful," he said quietly after a moment's silence. "You look particularly fine to-night—and yet you're not wearing your diamonds."

"You look very fine, nevertheless; but remember, dear lady, beauty doesn't increase with time, like money. Every year I live I grow richer; every year you live you'll grow poorer."

"Is that all you want to say to me?"

She moved towards the door.

"How far have you got with Merrick?"

"What do you mean?"

"What I say," he repeated. "I can't waste time in wishing words. How far have you got?"

"He thinks that he's in love with me, and that he wants to marry me."

Vogel looked at her admiringly.

"You're very quick; but don't hurry him now he's hooked. Play him gently, he's the sort of fish with a tender mouth—he won't care for a hard handling. I've been wondering how you'll manage when he's out of sight. It would be rather awkward if he was to alter his mind at the last moment. When he goes back to Epsom you'll have to manage to go there also."

Dolores laughed nervously, and kept her face hidden from Vogel's piercing eyes.

"That's not possible."

"Everything's possible—with me! Yes, you'll have to be on the spot; now you've caught him you mustn't lose sight of him for a minute—" He broke off and rubbed his chin thoughtfully.

"You've met the Murlingtons, they have a house at Epsom. I'll get them to ask you there; you'll meet him every day. They'll invite him to dinner—bridge, billiards, and a beautiful game for lovers."

"He'll go, of course. 'I'm going to give you a very good time, dear lady, eh?'"

"I'm going to do your ugly work, and don't forget that you are going to pay me for it. Five thousand pounds when The Devil has won, and

"Yes, and—"

"I shall never be bothered with my husband again. He will never return to England—again?"

Vogel nodded slowly.

"But if you fail, dear lady, if by any accident King Daffodil does win, why then—"

"Don't be afraid. I know my power; Arthur Merrick will do anything I wish." She turned swiftly towards him with a certain fierceness; "All your money would not tempt him to do what he will do for me if I raise my little finger; all your wealth won't buy what he will give me—his honour! A thing you don't know the meaning of."

"And you, dear lady? What do you know of honour?"

Dolores did not reply. But the question rankled in her heart.

Truly, what did she know of honour?

She knew very little of the good things of life; she had only seen the seamy side. The side vulgarity and wealth make seamy, not poverty, and the side that life had shown her was without even the redeeming quality of humanity. She had never met happiness, she had never met sorrow—even

as beautiful than joy. For the joys of the Smart Set are those of the swine who get their snouts deepest into the pig-bucket, and their sufferings but those of the hogs who get kicked in the snout, and arrive late for the feast.

Like all women, Dolores was frightened of suffering—life's sweetest gift, even as a young maiden is afraid of Love's coming, God's most precious loan. She had stood so long on the precipice of disaster that, perhaps grown giddy, she was unable to see things in their true light or value them aright.

Unhappy for so long, she mistook unhappiness for sorrow—and dreaded a further pin-prick from life.

Grown accustomed to the society of the wealthy, she had learnt to believe that happiness was only found in the golden mire in which they wallowed.

Then Arthur Merrick crossed her path, and she knew at once that he was different from the rest.

At first she was interested, and flirted with him more because he pleased and attracted her than from any habit of coquetry.

Vogel, in interference, altered everything; if Vogel had not interfered she might never have discovered that she was on the brink of falling in love.

So she had something to be grateful to him for. "To-morrow we are going for a picnic," Merrick whispered to her after dinner, during the interval between gossip and bridge.

Dolores made a very face.

"I don't think I like picnics; creepy things in the woods are seized with curiosity, the grass is always damp, and the wind always blows, and everything one eats has an Army and Navy Stores flavour, and everyone is irritable."

"Oh, no," Merrick smiled. "We shan't be irritable; I will slay any insect that dares investigate further than the sole of your shoe; and our food shall be found at a ripping old farmhouse I know hidden in a wooded valley by a trout stream."

"Only you and I?" she echoed softly.

He nodded. "Vogel has promised me the mail-coach and pair of chestnuts; shan't take a man—just you and I, and the woods."

She put out her hand and let it lie on his for a moment, and she felt him quiver and tremble.

And her own heart beat a little faster, for she knew that he was hers—body and soul.

Vogel knew too, when Merrick revolved twice and tropped his partner's best card twice. But Merrick's thoughts were far away from No-trumps or Grand Slams. He was wondering if King Daffodil won the Derby whether Dolores St. Merton would marry him. Would the King pay her bills—and the honeymoon?

The questions were answered next morning, in Joe Marvis's letter.

It was a glorious day, a blue sky dotted here and there with white, fleecy clouds, a hot sun and a low wind, sweet-scented.

The breakfast-room was deserted, and Dolores and Merrick had the felicity of breakfasting alone together; Vogel's guests went to bed with the nightgown, but seldom rose with the lark.

Both were in good spirits, though Merrick shied at the letter on his plate and hurriedly put it into his pocket.

"A bill?" he laughed Dolores.

He shook his head.

"Nothing serious I hope?"

"Don't you think bills are serious?" he asked, avoiding her question.

"Yes—to the creditor; no one owes me anything though—if your letter is unpleasant, read it and get rid of it. I can't allow you to carry anything unpleasant about with you on our excursion to-day."

It's only from home—to tell me to return, I suppose."

By ARTHUR APPLIN,

Author of "The Shadow of Her Sin," and

"A Coward's Marriage."

"Aren't you your own master?"

Merrick bit his lip.

"It's business, you see—the horse. I ought to be riding him, so Marvis thinks."

Dolores said nothing. Presently Merrick produced the letter from his pocket and opened it.

"I'm taking your advice," he said.

She smiled.

"But it's not really unpleasant! And I begged you to go—some days ago. It's not too late now! Go to-morrow."

"It is too late," he said, crushing the letter in his hand. "Even if I were to go to-morrow, it would be too late." He leant across the table.

"You know it's too late."

She hid her face.

"It's never too late to do the right thing!"

"Do you consider it the right thing to turn one's back on love?" he asked.

She refused to answer.

"Love is sacred, as much a duty as—as—"

"Horse racing," she suggested. And there was that in her voice that for the moment made racing even in Merrick's eyes seem a small, almost contemptuous thing in comparison to other things in life.

It is strange how different is one's outlook on the world when viewed through the eyes of a woman.

"You had better answer the letter before we start on our picnic," Dolores said after an interval of silence.

"I want you to answer it for me," Merrick replied.

"Why should I answer it?"

"Because on your answer depends my future."

Dolores laughed protestingly, but her face lost its colour; she realised more keenly than he the truth of his rash statement.

"I refuse to accept the responsibility," she said, rising from the table. "I get the carriage coming up the drive—you know how the chestnuts hate to be kept waiting! Come along, and let us think to-day only of being happy. I want to be perfectly happy; let this be a red-letter day—one we can look back on in the years to come."

But Arthur Merrick refused to smile.

"You speak as if to-day was the last day we were to spend together."

"Who knows?" she said brightly. "Anyway, let us spend it as if it were our last."

Merrick gave the pair of chestnuts their heads, and the mail-coach was whirled down the drive.

The lady, who would beat their faces and sung in their ears, Merrick's lips were tightly set and his eyes hard and stern. Dolores's eyes sparkled merrily now, and her mouth was half open, like a flower obeying the sun and wind.

Gently, almost shyly, she put her hand on his shoulder.

"Smile," she said. "You look like Juggernaut—and you're driving like Juggernaut, too."

"Why do you torment me so?" he said, looking at her for an instant.

"I—torment you? My dear boy, I've been doing my best to amuse you the last few days—amuse and please you."

"I don't want amusement, I don't want pleasure," he replied under his breath. "I want love."

"You want the impossible," she whispered.

"I don't believe that; I won't believe it."

Dolores laughed softly to herself. It was not the kind of reply that she had expected, but she liked it nevertheless.

"But it's true," she said quickly, and her voice grew suddenly serious as she continued.

"Supposing, only supposing, that I did grow to love you, and that you were certain of your love for me—"

"I am certain," he interrupted.

She shook her head a little sadly.

"I love trifling with improbabilities, so I'll continue. Supposing I were certain that each of us loved the other I should be the most miserable woman on earth."

"Why?"

"Because—I can't explain, but it would be a terrible catastrophe."

"For you?"

"She won't reply."

"For you?" he repeated, pulling the horses into a walk, and looking her full in the face.

"I was thinking more of you than myself," she said.

"Then I pray God the catastrophe occurs," he laughed, setting the horses to a spanking trot again.

"Hush! Don't talk like that," she cried nervously. "You don't know what you are saying."

"Yes, I do," he replied firmly. "I love you; I dare say you don't believe it, but that doesn't matter. You shall believe it, you shall realise it; I'll make you. And I'm not going to give you up, nothing on earth will make me give you up."

Dolores smiled softly to herself.

No one had ever made love to her quite so boyishly or so frankly before. It was delightful and—

The sigh, which was one of pleasure, turned to one of pain.

It was delightful to be loved, it was delightful to feel love knocking at the doors of her heart for the first time in her life—but, those gates were locked, and Vogel possessed the key.

(To be continued.)

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ROYAL ACADEMY PICTURES AS OUR CARTOONIST SEES THEM.



163, Lady Warwick, by Sargent. (Note the easy grace of the child). 260, A Portrait by Mr. J. H. F. Bacon, A.R.A. 387, Mr. Draper's "Ariadne Deserted by Theseus." (See photograph on page 9.) 387, the Hon. John Collier's much-talked-of picture, "The Cheat," which must be a misprint for "The Heat." 250, Mr. Sargent's "Marlborough Family." 125, "Lamia," by J. W. Waterhouse, R.A. 227, "In Fancied Security," by Gwenyth Homy.

WOMEN AS TALKERS.

The Absurd Accusation That They Chatter Too Much.

By THEODORE DAHLE.

A slander long hot in the mouths of my lamentable sex is that women talk too much.

How it arose is not difficult to understand. It is in the nature of man to desire to do all the talking all the time about everything, and ever since he had a tongue to wag he has resented feminine interference with his sacred privilege.

The saying of Alphonso of Castile that woman dresses, babbles, and undresses, is on a level of exaggeration with that curious Yorkshire proverb which alleges that where there's geese there's cackle, and where there's women there's talk. It seems about time, therefore, that someone ventured a fall in the cause of justice.

The truth in this greatest of all slander cases is that woman does not talk too much, but that she talks too little. She is the most silent of all articulate species.

"My dear," wrote Huxley on a certain occasion to Mrs. W. K. Clifford, in a moment of open confession, "men are very queer animals—a mixture of horse nervousness, ass stubbornness, and camel malice."

Whenever a woman at her own fireside ventures a few remarks on things in general from sheer weariness, these unlamentable defects in man are apt to reveal themselves in cutting sarcasms concerning her alleged misuse of the sacred gifts of speech.

The loneliness of the long day of waiting for the homecoming of the man who took her to church and promised so many things when he got there is not the lightest of the many burdens which a woman piles upon her back as the result of going through a ceremony remarked by the cynics as beginning with "Dearly beloved" and ending in "amazement." To accuse her of always having the last word, when, in point of fact, it is not without valiant struggle that she is able to get in a word at all, is rank unkindness and base ingratitude. At every turn a woman's tongue is limited in use by man-made conventionalities. At one of the most momentous crises of her life a heart-breaking silence is on her lips.

She notices some rather nice man, capable of buying her any number of feathers and seeing that she receives adequate attention from the dressmaker. Not only has she to scheme to get an introduction to him, but when matters are well forward and she has entertained him with flashing teeth and soulful eyes, she is forbidden to invite him to step into the conservatory and listen to her tale of love.

BALLROOM ETIQUETTE.

In a ballroom she must sit and prop up a wall because she may not ask any one man in the room, not even if he be married, whether she may have the pleasure of his company and the loan of his arm for the next waltz.

Few women are good conversationalists, due, no doubt, to the fact that they do not practise.

Fuseli, the painter, was once in the company of a lady, and for half an hour she did her best to interest him. Eventually he said, apropos of nothing, "Madame, we had pork for dinner to-day."

"What an exceedingly odd remark," she replied. "Madame," he said with great rudeness, "it is as good as any remark you have made for the

last half an hour." But then, if women are not encouraged to converse a little it is not to be expected that they will become expert.

The reason women are so silent is that most men insist on talking about one thing, while they want to talk about another. Until a man gets married he will talk of love for hours; when he gets married he will not talk about it for five minutes, but wants to substitute a one-sided conversation concerning the increase in the butcher's bill, or the length of time some other woman can wear some other hat.

SILENCE IN THE HOME.

Many blessings come through a happy marriage, but, so far as the woman is concerned, marriage tends to kill conversation.

In the average home the woman has been more or less silent all day, and when her husband comes home and has had dinner he is ready to go out to do some more talking while she is ready to stay in to suffer some more silence.

"Where, sir," said Mark Twain on the memorable evening when he proposed the toast of "The Ladies," "would the people of all the earth be without women? They would be scarce, sir—almighty scarce. Then let us cherish her, let us give her our support, our encouragement, our sympathy—ourselves if we get the chance."

That is, in fact, about the best we can do in this life, for when you have heartache or toothache, when you stand with your back against the wall and your face against the world, when you come to your last crust and your last penny, and not another human creature troubles how you fare, she will keep her place at your side and put courage in your nerve, and whisper hope to your heart.

Then, in that hour, if you think she talks too much you can tell her of it. But not till then.

MENTAL DEPRESSION

The symptoms of mental depression are only too familiar to men and women engaged in business, the professions, teaching, journalism, and those who have embraced an artistic career. No description can paint in sufficiently strong colours the acute suffering it inflicts on its victims. The mind is filled with gloomy forebodings, with vague presentiments of coming trouble, and there is a general feeling that everything is wrong and will not come right. Under such circumstances your daily duties lay a burden upon you which is almost insupportable, and you lack that energy and power of mental concentration which constitute the first requirement of success. In addition, your consciousness of lack of full power and vitality will still further depress your spirits and rob you yet more of your normal ability and smartness.

SENSIBLE ADVICE.

No wiser advice can be given in regard to health or for the matter of that, of any other subject, than the injunction to go to the root of things. If you discover the cause of any trouble your remedy is likely to be effective and adequate, but if you merely deal with symptoms the probability is that at most you will only alleviate these without doing real or permanent good. Get right down to the cause of mental depression and the special elements of nervous exhaustion and you may then learn how to remove them.

OTHER SIGNS OF NERVOUS EXHAUSTION.

Mental depression is only one sign among many of nervous exhaustion. That terrible feeling of utter weariness, loss of self-confidence and pluck, shrinking from responsibility, lack of mental and physical energy, accompanied by a feeling of lassitude and slowness, fatigue after even slight efforts of any kind, brain fog, irritability, and nervous headaches, all point in the same direction.

WHAT DO THESE SYMPTOMS PROVE?

They show clearly that the nerve and brain tissue has been worn away quicker than it has been replaced, and that your nervous system is debilitated and needs restoring to full power. It is worse than useless, under such circumstances, to use stimulants of any kind, as even if they succeed in driving on the nervous system to further exertion for a little longer time, nervous breakdown and a period of complete rest and abstinence from one's ordinary pursuits is only rendered the more inevitable.

REBUILD YOUR NERVOUS SYSTEM.

This is the keynote to successful treatment of nervous exhaustion. If your nervous system is thoroughly restored and once again made healthy and vigorous, the clouds of mental depression will lift and you will feel ready and eager for work and recreation. Bishop's Tonules have been prepared for this very purpose. They embody the special elements worn away under mental strain, so that it is obvious they will do for you just what you want. Bishop's Tonules do two things. First, they supply new matter to replace that which has been worn out, and, second, they assist the nerves and brain to assimilate the necessary nutriment from the ordinary food and drink, and you thus get a double benefit.

A CONVINCING LETTER.

A gentleman in Lincolnshire writes: "For upwards of two years I have been suffering from nervous breakdown, attended with insomnia and dyspepsia, and no treatment seems to have benefited me until I commenced with Bishop's Tonules about five weeks ago. I have derived considerable benefit therefrom. My digestion has improved with increased appetite, and constipation, which was a marked feature, has almost disappeared, and also flatulence. My sleep has gradually returned to me, and altogether I feel a new man."

COMMENCE THE TREATMENT TO-DAY.


There is an old proverb that "Procrastination is the thief of time," but it is the thief of many other things besides time. Procrastination robs men and women of money, comfort, and health, and there are few matters in regard to which delay is so dangerous as in the question of health. "To-morrow will do," says thousands on a sick bed every year, and many complaints which fasten themselves on sufferers for life might have been avoided by a few days' or weeks' treatment when they first showed themselves. If your nerves are out of order, do not wait till to-morrow. Get your supply of Bishop's Tonules now, and commence the treatment at once. Another day's delay means a day's more discomfort and a day longer for the nerve-wearing process to continue.

MAKE A NOTE OF THIS.

You know better than we do whether your nerve energy is decreasing. If the symptoms mentioned above are your symptoms, you cannot commence using Bishop's Tonules too soon. By using Bishop's Tonules you can immediately stop further waste of nerve tissue and gradually create nerve power, establish a reserve of nerve strength, and build up a strong and healthy nervous system.

NOW IS THE BEST TIME

to commence Bishop's Tonic treatment. Therefore send for a vial which will be sent for 1s. 1d. post free within the U.K., or larger size for 2s. 10d., from Alfred Bishop, Ltd., 48, Spelman-street, London, N.E.; also from Chemists and Stores at 1s. and 2s. 9d. Alfred Bishop, Ltd., are always pleased to supply any further information in regard to the Tonules our readers would like to have.



fifth branch, which are most liable to the attacks of Neuralgia. All who suffer will be glad to know of ZOZ, a simple and sure remedy, certified free from injurious substances by Dr. A. H. Grinnell. The Properties of the Remedy offer to send two free sample ZOZ Powders to any reader of the DAILY Mirror who will send stamped address in envelope.

ZOZ POWDERS can be obtained of Chemists, Stores, &c., at 1s. and 2s. 6d. a box, of Post-free, from the

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FABRICS AND FASHIONS FOR SUMMER WEAR—PRETTY FROCK FOR A CHILD.

A SEASON FOR SILKS.

CASCADE AND RADIUM ARE AMONG THE NUMBER.

There is great variety among the silks of this year, for, as well as the ubiquitous checks which appear in so large a percentage of the summer taffetas, there are shadow silks, shoving upon a pale background fair flowers with a blurred surface; chine or blossom silks, radium-silks, and cascade ones, so called from the narrow line that changes the monotony of the surface. The radium silks are exquisitely soft and of the faintest colourings, such as the palest blue, lavender, pearl, and dove.

One very smart checked silk is coloured blue and green, and white hair-lines sprinkled over by little dots of blue, which are mere silhouettes, divide the checks. Another almost invisible pinhead check has a design of tiny single palm leaves scattered over it, and is at its best in black and white with the palm leaf of white shot through with threads of Oriental colouring. Green and blue colour schemes show no signs of a fall from favour, and there is among the taffetas, surahs, and messelines a good deal of the new fruited-rose seen. These silks are, as a rule, robbed of much of their warmth and given a summer-like coolness and bloom by being mixed with white, as in the case of a shot red-and-white taffetas covered closely by pin-point spots of white.

Corded Silks Offered Again.

Corded silks are again being offered by the dress-makers, but they are not nearly so becoming as the supple satins and messelines in vogue, and so are not likely to be in great demand. One of the most charming notions in this season's fashions is the use of silk bands to edge the ruffles of mousseline that trim evening frocks. An effective frock recently worn at a small dinner dance was of white mousseline de soie mounted over turquoise blue silk. The skirt was trimmed with flounces of wide Valenciennes lace with the points falling into a straight band of blue velvet. The same idea with a narrower lace and band made a fichu arrangement round a low-cut bodice, and a wide sash of the muslin edged with blue velvet fell to the edge of the skirt at the back.

Idea borrowed from the Directoire period are fashionable for evening as well as day gowns, and include coat tails, revers, and waistcoats. The vests or waistcoats usually resolve themselves into deep corselet belts; and few indeed among the smartest evening robes are there that are not finished by a deeply-pointed corselet belt; for they are leading features of many of the newest creations designed to be worn during the day.

Much embroidery is being bestowed upon every kind of blouse and dress, and in the departments devoted to children's pretty frocks, busy fingers are hard at work. The patterns chosen are simple adaptations of broderie Anglaise such as the ones shown in the picture, a little diamond device that looks eminently suitable for a child's toilette.

Bonnets Once More Modish.

The new hats that have been seen display many novel points, and are still more and more of a diminished size. True, there are big hats and there are picture hats, but the new hat that will be fashionable is quite limited as to dimensions.

There is undoubtedly a tendency to return to the little bonnets with strings. Sometimes strings will make a hat possible and becoming when, without them, it would look altogether too minute. A very pretty Marquise hat which was given strings was seen recently.

It was turned up at the back, and under the brim were placed three bunches of white grapes. Above the grapes there were clusters of pink roses and green leaves, large and closely massed together.

Very many of the hats seen are conspicuous by their trimming of feathers under the brim instead of flowers. They make a very becoming trimming, and certainly have the approval of the fashionable world.

COOKERY NOTES.

EXPERT HINTS ON BOILING AND ROASTING.

Food may be cooked by roasting, baking, boiling, steaming, stewing, grilling, frying, braising, and poaching. These are different methods of bringing the necessary heat to bear upon the article to be cooked.

The following rules as to time will be found useful. The following apply to roasting articles of food. For red meats—that is, beef, mutton, and lamb—allow a quarter of an hour to each pound, and a quarter of an hour over. White meats—that is, veal and chicken—require to be roasted longer, to allow twenty minutes to each pound, and twenty minutes over; this is with a really good fire and with solid pieces of meat. The smaller the joint the more quickly should it be roasted.

A chicken or a duck requires from forty minutes to an hour, according to size. A goose requires from one hour and a half to one hour and three-

quarters. A turkey requires from one and a half to three hours.

When a joint is to be roasted before the fire the first thing to be considered is to get a clear fire, well made up, and it should be carefully attended to during the process of cooking the joint, till the latter is quite cooked. In putting coals on to a roasting fire draw the fire to the front with a shovel and put the fresh coals on at the back. Take care in doing this that no coals get into the dripping-pan.

Baking resembles roasting, but the flavour of the meat is not the same. Baking, or roasting in the oven, is more usually adopted nowadays than roasting before the fire, as the close range is generally used. The meat must be weighed, wiped, and tied up, laid on a hot stand or grid, and placed in a baking-dish containing melted dripping. To bake a joint properly the oven must be very hot at starting. It is best, just as in boiling or roasting, to expose the meat to a fierce heat at first, in order to surround it with a hard crust to keep in the

A CHRISTENING PARTY.

BABY'S FIRST BOW TO SOCIETY—THE SOUVENIR CAKE.

It is not necessary to invite many friends to the church at which baby is christened, but an At Home may be given afterwards in the little one's honour. The invitations should be sent out upon a card turned down at the left corner, and there inscribed with the baby's name. Some mothers use their ordinary visiting cards, and put at the base, "To meet Ronald Arthur Smith," or whatever baby's name happens to be.

Try to have baby ready for the first dissipation by giving him a long nap after the christening, so that the wee mite may be smiling and good-natured, for naturally he will prove the centre of attraction at the party. As he is too young for much handling about, have the lace-trimmed bassinet brought into the drawing-room, and, of course, see that baby is

for half an hour. When the cakes are done turn them out on paper, spread one light cake with boiled frosting, coloured and flavoured with strawberry extract; place the darker cake on the top, spread it with frosting, and on the top of this lay the remaining light cake. Ice the entire cake with frosting and decorate the top of it with candied cherries.

HANDICAPPED

For 17 Years, but a Pure Food Put Him on His Feet.

Many of us with the very best of health find the grind of daily work to make a living for self and family a great tax upon the energies; but when one is handicapped with ill-health the strain is almost unbearable.

To many men the sustaining and invigorating power of Grape-Nuts has come almost as a revelation, and thousands of invalids have been restored to vigorous health and strength by the use of this scientific food.

A striking instance is that of a man who lives at Lavender Hill, S.W., who writes:—

"I have been a great sufferer from chronic dyspepsia for the past 17 years, which was brought on by improper food and worry, and being an out-patient at several hospitals besides being treated by my own medical adviser, and at the same time getting no better, but rather worse, I began to despair, when a packet of your Grape-Nuts came into my hands. Even after eating this first packet I found a slight relief from my distressing pain, and gradually I began to get well; during this last winter I have not suffered in the least and have been enabled to eat food of every description. "I find that Grape-Nuts taken with hot milk the first thing in the morning is a very great stay, also again in the evening for tea, and it has made a lasting cure, and I feel I cannot do without it. I have recommended it to many sufferers, who are very much taken with it."

"I find upon being weighed that I have gained 6lb. during the past twelve months, and my dull memory has much improved, which evidently shows that the brain has also benefited from the use of Grape-Nuts."

There's a reason. Name given by the Grape-Nuts Co., 66, Shoe-lane, London, E.C.

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Icilma Fluor Cream contains no grease, and its cleansing virtues make the skin healthy, transparent, free from roughness, wrinkles, and superfluous hair, and give a lovely clear complexion that needs no powder.

Icilma Soap is invaluable for hard or brackish water, and for all skin irritations, and is a revelation of what a toilet and medicinal soap can be. Its marvelous healing and beautifying powers, its refreshing effects when used in the bath, or on the face, its absolute harmlessness, make ICILMA a necessity in every home and to every traveller.

Water 1s., Cream 1s., Soap 10d.
Send 2d. stamps for samples Soap and Cream, and booklet with Coupon.

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Eye-Strain



Eye-strain, which affects so many brain-workers, is the cause of brain-fag, headache, and other troubles. Eyestrain shows itself by blurring of sight and pain of the eyes followed by other evils. All sufferers should immediately send postcard to STEPHEN GREENE, 210, Lambeth Road, London, for his most interesting and useful booklet, "How to Preserve the Eyesight," and tell of SINGLETON'S EYE OINTMENT, a cure for eye-strain and all other eye troubles, and has 300 years' reputation. Supplied in ancient pedestal pots for 2/- by Chemists & Stores.

SUPREME IN QUALITY

PETER'S

THE ORIGINAL MILK-CHOCOLATE
UNRIVALLED
IN DELICACY OF FLAVOUR



The little white cambric dress worn by the child in this picture has diamond-shaped embroideries upon it, done in broderie Anglaise. A pale lavender cashmere gown is also depicted, inset with pansy velvet edged with narrow silver cord.

juices. The difficulty in baking is basting, which ought to be done every quarter of an hour. Keep the oven very hot all the time, and remember that baking is much quicker than roasting. It only requires ten minutes for every pound, and ten minutes over.

Stewing is an important branch of cookery, and, as the name implies, is generally accomplished in a stewpan. The lid should fit tight, and not be taken off very often during the long process of stewing. Do not allow the meat to boil. A very low temperature for a long time helps to make tough meat not merely eatable, but palatable. The difference between meat simmered and meat stewed is that in the former case the meat has to be eaten by itself—that is, the greater portion of the water in which it was simmered was probably reserved for something else, and the meat was taken out immediately it was sufficiently cooked.

Meat when boiled is more tender and more easily digested than when roasted, but some of its flavour and goodness is lost while cooking. The length of time required to cook is the same as for roasting. Be sure the water is boiling fast when the meat is put in, so that the outside of the joint may be crusted or hardened, and the nourishment kept in. After ten minutes the saucepan should be moved further from the fire, and a little cold water added to reduce the temperature, after which the water must be kept gently simmering.

attired in his very best robe, and that his nurse is immaculately gowned in white dress.

It is a pretty idea when the visitors leave to give each one a souvenir-box containing squares of the christening cake, and these can be made to look very attractive by covering small pasteboard ones with white satin ribbon, and pasting in the centre of the cover a tiny photograph of baby himself, with his monogram, and the date drawn in gold paint and arranged across the corners.

For the young mother who is contemplating one of these delightful parties the following recipe is given so that with a little care and forethought on her part the christening cake may be readily made at home.

Cream a quarter of a pound of butter with two cupful of granulated sugar, and add the well-beaten yolks of four eggs, a teaspoonful of vanilla, and one cupful of milk; then stir two teaspoonfuls of baking powder with three cupful of pastry flour and stir it into the cake mixture. Add the well-beaten whites at the last moment, and mix all thoroughly well together. When the mixture is ready to bake take out one-third of the batter and add to it a tablespoonful of cinnamon, an ounce of chocolate (melted), and a tablespoonful of shredded cinnamon.

Grease three sheet-pans of exactly the same size, put the fruit mixture into one, the rest into the other two pans, and bake them in a moderate oven

LONDON'S BOY FOOTBALLERS

Win the Championship of England
—Defeats in Scotland.

Though the team representing the London Schools Football Association this season was rather under than above the average, it was strong enough to beat all comers and carry off the championship of England. The final tie for the shield was played at Llandudno, and though Sheffield played pluckily they at no time looked like thwarting the Londoners' ambition.

The praiseworthy interest that the F.A. has shown in the Schools' competition has been most gratifying. Not only did they present very handsome gold medals to both the teams in the final, but also Mr. C. J. Hughes, one of the vice-presidents, was present at the match, and Mr. Lewis, a councillor, made a capital speech to the lads at the gathering after the game.

The London team for whom the shield was: S. Smith (Tottenham), goal; T. Reynolds (Leyton), G. Morris (West Ham), backs; W. Lismore (Lingston), H. Biffen (Tottenham), C. Lawrence (South London), half-backs; E. Plumb (West London), L. Pipe (West Ham), C. Dibb (Tottenham), H. Persson (West London), R. Holloway (South London), forwards.

Tuesday was spent in the train travelling to Glasgow, where a team selected from the secondary schools was met. This was perhaps the most enjoyable part of the tour. From the moment of arrival to the moment of departure everyone was well liked and the moment of our stay enjoyable. Mr. Alfred Daniel, the president of the Queen's Park F.C., took the keenest interest in our welfare, and Messrs. Christie and Lambie, two famous Queen's Park players, together with Mr. Crowe, the Glasgow secretary, quickly made us feel at home.

Big Crowd at Hampden Park.

There were ten thousand spectators at Hampden Park, and everyone was delighted. The London forwards played below their form, but the team as a whole showed great pluck. After being three goals behind, they rallied and were unlikely not to draw level in the last quarter of an hour.

The Glasgow boys, however, deserved their win, and it was obtained by scrupulously fair methods. The game was contested in the truest sporting spirit, and the London boys made a splendid impression upon the Glasgow people.

It was not the strongest possible team that was placed in the field against Edinburgh, but, though they were beaten by 2 to 1, the Londoners were in no way the inferior side. As a matter of fact, they showed their best form in everything but shooting, and little Ivor Carter at centre forward was not strong enough to run the opportunities home. Even then it was only a great goalkeeping display by Thompson, a sixteen-year-old Scot, that saved Edinburgh.

The tour was thoroughly enjoyed by all who participated, and though the boys lost two games out of three, they derived considerable comfort from the fact that the one victory meant the championship of England.

DOMINIE.

LEAGUE CLUBS' CHANGES.

Signing-On Notes—Where Famous
Players are Going.

Kilferd, the well-known West Bromwich Albion full-back, has signed on for Millwall.

The following players have resigned for Glossop; Baver, Kerr, Phillips, Brown, Callaghan, and Cheron.

The following players have signed for Watford: Aston, full-back of Burton United, and Kelly, outside left of Chesterfield.

Amongst the men re-engaged for Bury for next season are Montell, Lindsay, Molyneux, Looming, Simpson, Plant, and Williams.

Cardiff, the Bristol Rovers' goalkeeper of last season, has refused all overtures to return to Bristol, and it is locally believed that he will sign for Stoke.

The raid of Southern League agents in Blackburn was not entirely fruitless, for Brentford F.C. secured the signatures of Dewhurst and Riley, of the Rovers.

Neave, the young outside left of the Woolwich Arsenal reserve team, has signed for Leyton. Leyton club have also signed Ramsey, a left-back from Middleborough.

Stockport County have been successful in retaining for another season Heywood, Waters, Stuart, Hall, Hodgkinson, Pass, Parker, and E. Bardsley. Heywood, Stuart, Pass, and Bardsley had all been sought by First League clubs.

James Sharp, the Fulham full-back, has returned to Dundee, of which club he was a member for five seasons, securing his Scottish international on duty in connection with that club. Southampton desired his services, but he preferred to return to the land of his birth.

Bristol Rovers have secured the signature of D. Walker, of Wolverhampton Wanderers. Walker only played a few times for the first eleven, but as a centre forward for the reserves he did much brilliant work in the Birmingham League, not only scoring prolifically, but showing cleverness as a pivot in knitting his wings.

Clapton Orient have succeeded in signing on the following—Butler (Stockport County), goalkeeping; Holmes (Manchester City), half and full-back; Coulson (Stockport County), half-back; Boden (Glossop), half and full-back; Evenson (Lester F.C.), inside left; and Wootton (from the Midlands), inside right.

Reading, who finished second in the Southern League, have signed on A. Newbigging, goalkeeper, of Notts Forest, and W. W. Wood, a centre half-back. Tom Naisby, who defended Reading's goal well for two seasons, has signed for Sunderland. Corrin, their outside left, for Plymouth. Hare, the inside left, for Southampton. Reading have signed the following eight of last season's players: Henderson, Garbutt, Riley, Bannister, Brown, Bainbridge, Higginson, and Long.

Poertsmouth have secured the services of R. Jackson (def. half), T. Stewart (full-back), both of Sunderland, and have also re-engaged Cunliffe, Cooper, of Wellington, as well as Harry Wood, of Southampton, have been engaged as trainers. Jackson has been seven years with Sunderland, and for two seasons captained the team. He has also played for the North against the South. Stewart is a youngster who has just completed his first season in League football. Other signatures are expected.

'SPURS ON TOUR.

Tottenham Hotspur players are touring in Austria for the next three weeks.

Their first match is at Vienna to-morrow, and they will play Excelsior at the city of Vienna on Sunday. They have a third engagement at Vienna, and also two at Budapest and Prague. The party consists of sixteen players, under the charge of G. D. Roberts, T. J. Woodward is expected to join them later in the week.



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